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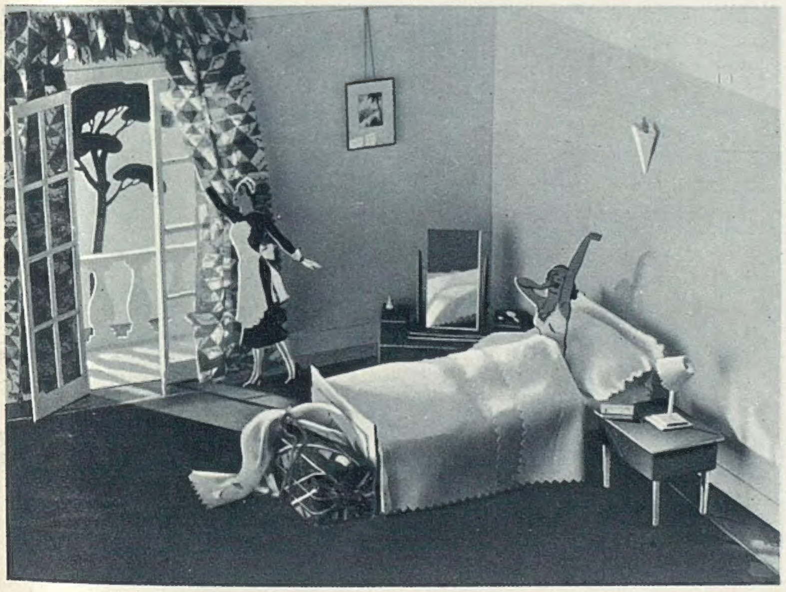

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P6

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The Sketch

No. 2172.—Vol. CLXVII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL TUNNEL.

Here we have a living tunnel of Hollywood beauties—a pulchritudinous tunnel, as an American correspondent has it! It is seen in "Dames," which will be in the West End before very long. The mere male shown in the "still" is Busby Berkeley, the well-known Hollywood dance director and arranger of ensembles, whose decorative work was seen also in "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Footlight Parade," and "Wonder Bar."

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

HUSH!

PRAY silence, gentlemen, for the Minister of Transport! He has established Zones of Silence. How solemn they sound! There is something exciting and mysterious about a Zone of Silence—it sounds like a chapter-heading in a novel by (say) the late Rider Haggard, and it causes the blood to run slightly cold. It reminds me somehow of the Towers of Silence at Bombay: I have a creepy feeling that if I enter a Zone of Silence, a flock of vultures, urged on by Mr. Hore-Belisha, will descend upon me and devour me. In America, no person of nice instincts ever refers to a cemetery as a cemetery: it is known to the genteel as a Memorial Park. I suggest that a Zone of Silence would be an even prettier euphemism. However, I do not wish to introduce a *macabre* note into the Government's efforts to spare our nerves; and, in any case, to associate highways, whether loud or silent, with graveyards may smack of grim realism, in view of recent statistics. Let us accept our Zones of Silence with due gratitude, repressing any tendencies towards scepticism.

"CAN YOU GET HONOLULU ON THAT, TOO?"

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

I have not seen the system in operation, but I am told that the hush which descends on London at the prescribed hours is awe-inspiring. "And all the air," as the poet observes, "a solemn stillness holds." I hope Mr. Bateman will draw us the picture of The Boy who Whistled in a Zone of Silence. I simply cannot contemplate the feelings of a motorist who, in a moment of abstraction, shatters the stillness with a sick-pig shriek. It is a nice point of law and morals whether the dreamy pedestrian who steps in front of the car ought to be slaughtered without warning, or whether the slumbers of hotel-residents should be disturbed by the Klaxon alarum. So far as I know, the Government has not declared its policy in this respect. I cannot help thinking that the pedestrian has a point of view, but then he ought to be in bed, like all respectable people, by 11.30 p.m. If not, he roams abroad at his own risk.

The agitation seems to have been caused largely by taxis. To judge by some of the letters which I have read, one would think that taxis are like hyænas, jackals, ghosts, cats, or owls, and feel an irresistible urge to vie with each other in shrieks and howls as soon as midnight approaches. This seems to me grossly unfair. I have always thought London taxis singularly inarticulate: I have never met one with a hooter which emitted anything more than a strangled squeak, or, for that matter, had a bulb which was not badly split or punctured. It is not the taxis which are driving us into deafness or neurasthenia; I speak not with any class prejudice (and, of course, not with any envy), but, in my experience, it is the glittering cars of the proud and wealthy which bellow the most ferocious noises, in the same haughty spirit that they force our humble Family Saloons into the ditch and blind us with headlamps like lighthouses.

Oddly enough, and speaking for myself alone, I have always found London rather a quiet place. I deprecate pneumatic drills, which have a peculiar knack of fraying the nerves, and I also deprecate the fact that so many streets in London seem to be constantly, so to speak, in the dentist's hands; but I am afraid no Zones of Silence are going to comprise satisfactorily these strangely brittle thoroughfares—they seem to be more appropriate to Earthquake Zones. Apart from these catastrophic implements, which should never have been invented, London is, by comparison, remarkably *piano*. In this respect—as in all others, I need hardly add—you only need to go abroad to realise the advantages of your own country.

I remember that the last time I returned to London from the United States, I was struck at once by something in the atmosphere which puzzled me vaguely, until I realised that a curious hush seemed to have descended on everything. Insular Britons do not realise the pitch to which noise can be brought in really advanced countries. Upon a day, I lost my way in the outskirts of Chicago. I had recently been suffering a good deal from noise—stentorian radios braying everywhere and all the time, the din and clatter which goes on ceaselessly in every American restaurant, unnecessarily loud voices competing with other unnecessarily loud voices, the grinding of gears and the shrieking of automobile brakes which goes on perpetually in New York, and all the rest of the uproar which rends the American welkin "without mitigation or remorse." Lost, bewildered, and exasperated, I hailed a taxi. The driver, seeing that I was a little put out, evidently thought he would cheer me up. *He turned on the radio in the taxi.* That was the last straw: I do not think I have ever heard a more provocative, detestable sound in my life, not even cats when one is just dozing off. I "went up in the air," and spoke to that taxi-driver as I had no right to speak to any free, white, democratic American citizen—I wonder I was not bumped off instantly! The worthy fellow, however, was so astonished at my lack of soul, my complete failure to appreciate the Finer Things of Life, that he was speechless. I hereby tender him my apologies for a naughty loss of temper: but I can assure him that he has no idea what the Great American Noise can do to unaccustomed ears and unaccustomed nerves.

And even older civilisations—the Eternal City, for example: anybody who had heard the pre-Fascist fanfare of taxi-horns in Rome will appreciate and approve Mussolini's short way with tootlers. Or Paris—Paris is always associated in my mind with two particular noises. One is the note of that funny little toy trumpet which railway officials are always blowing, and the other is the staccato treble of the Paris taxi-horn. It used to be almost the French National Anthem, until it was gagged by law.

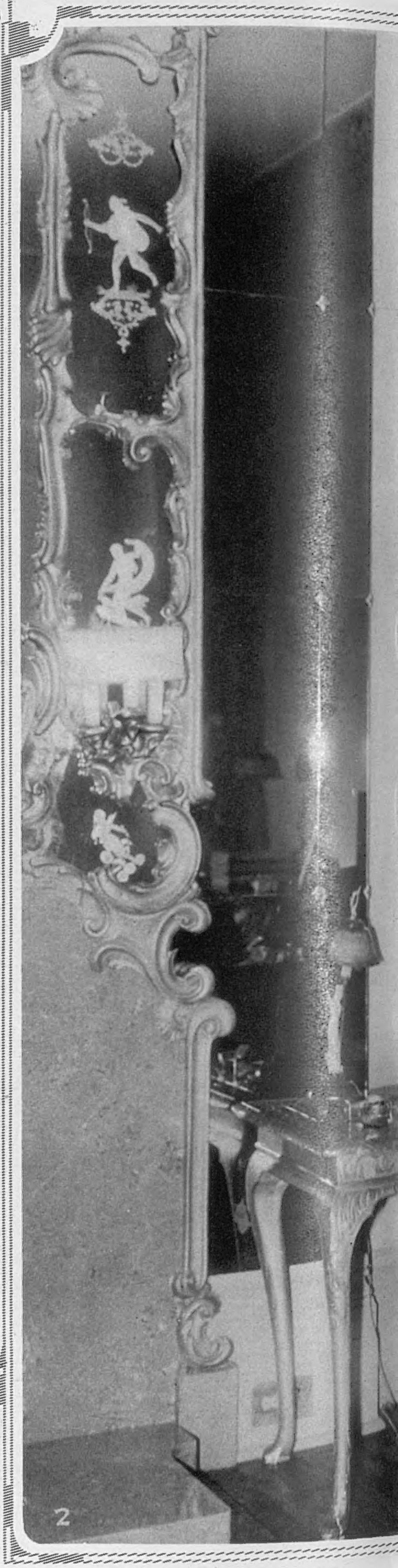
As usual, we are, or have been, priggishly better than some of our neighbours in this matter; but that is no reason why we should not take warning from them and nip a nuisance in the bud. It is highly desirable that the making of noise should not become a mere nervous habit, as it easily does. That 's all for the present, Mr. Hore-Belisha. The rest is silence.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

CONVERSATION PIECE—
WITH A GOBELIN BACKGROUND.

This fascinating study of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Howard with her second son, Alexander, and her baby daughter, Jill, who was christened quite recently, was taken at their home in Chesterfield Street, W. Mrs. Howard has two other children, Robin and Kiloran. She is a daughter of Mr. Stanley Baldwin. Her husband, Captain the Hon. Arthur Howard, is a brother of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

PEOPLE



WE ENVY PRINCESS WIASEMSKY this wonderful old Spanish choir-book, which stands in her drawing-room. It was brought back from Spain by her father, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, seven or eight years ago. It came from one of the Spanish cathedrals, and is illuminated in beautiful colours and gold leaf on parchment.

(Right) WE ENVY MRS. ANTHONY ACTON her beautiful collection of jade, which belonged to the late Lady Cowdray and used to be in her London house. Mrs. Anthony Acton was married in 1932. She lives at 115, Eaton Square.

PHOTOGRAPHS

WE ENVY.

WE ENVY LADY DUNN her magnificent necklace of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. She is the second wife of Sir James Dunn, Bt., whom she married in 1926. She has a small daughter, Anne, born in 1929.

BY SASHA.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

HIS HIGHNESS THE NAWAB OF BHOPAL spinning in the Cubbany River.

IN the same way as Blagdon is the show-place for big trout in England, and Lake Taupo for big rainbow trout in New Zealand, Mysore is the most noted centre in India for big mahseer. Mr. J. de Wet van Ingen, of Mysore, has kept me informed for many years past of the sport obtained there each season. In a recent letter he states that 1933 was such a poor season they feared that the fishing would not improve. In desperation, he decided to try a new locality, and went about sixty miles up the River Cauvery to Bawalai Madda, which is twenty miles above the big dam. The first visit on Feb. 2 was not encouraging, as not a fish was moved, but on the following Sunday, accompanied by Mr. Bowring and Mr. Maurice, Mr. van Ingen found that the luck had changed. He landed two fine fish, of 71 lb. and 92 lb. respectively, and his companions had a few small ones. Several fish were lost owing to their novel tactics in rising to the surface directly they were hooked and shaking themselves free.

CAPTAIN SIMMONS AND HIS 42-LB. MAHSEER.

During the season Lord Ratendone had one fish of 17½ lb., but lost a heavier one owing to the line getting snagged. Lord Ratendone and Major Ross Steuart were also unfortunate in losing fish owing to line breakages. Last December Captain Simmons caught a 42-lb. mahseer, and, shortly after he left, Mr. Joubert van Ingen hooked a huge fish which put up a great fight of an hour and a quarter before it was landed. When weighed in Mysore some hours later, it proved to be 96 lb.

His Highness the Nawab of Bhopal was another unlucky visitor. He was unable to camp at Karapur as arranged, owing to an outbreak of plague, and a visit to the Cubbany was marred by the unwelcome intrusion of a couple of wild elephants, which chose this particular part of the river to perform their ablutions. Mr. Douglas Jardine hoped to catch a mahseer as a change from cricket-balls, and he, too, was disappointed, but he had the satisfaction of bagging a tiger. In March last, Mr. van Ingen, with Mr. Maurice, fished the Hatty River. Mr. Maurice lost several fish, and Mr. van Ingen, who only had one offer, managed to land a 65-pounder, after a somewhat hectic fight. On this trip they were also after a rogue elephant, which was eventually shot by Mr. Maurice. The tusks weighed 70 lb., so the honours were divided fairly evenly.

Good Sport with Sea-Trout.

When an angler loses count of the number of fish he has caught during four weeks' fishing, in a season ruined by the drought, it is an event worth recording. My friend Mr. L. R. Hardy, of the well-known tackle firm of that name, took a lodge at Glenshiel, Ross-shire, with fishing in the River Shiel and Loch Shiel, and he informs me that he killed a very large number of sea-trout—some hundreds—the two heaviest being 9½ lb. and 12¾ lb. The Shiel is a small river, but during his stay the weather was favourable, and they had spates almost every day. Mr. Hardy states that the sea-trout take freely, either fly or devon minnow, and he caught the largest fish on fly, and the 9½-pounder on a 1¾-in. blue and silver Pioneer Devon, using an "Altex" fixed spool reel and 6-lb. gut substitute line.

Bream on Fly.

Although the bream is definitely a bottom-feeding fish, it does occasionally feed on the surface, and will actually rise to an artificial fly. Now and again, anglers fly-fishing for roach have been surprised to find their fly annexed by a bream—generally silver bream of a pound or less in weight. I have just heard of a rather interesting case of a bream being mistaken for a trout. Mr. A. D. E. Bradshaw informs me that he was wet-fly fishing on the Shannon at Rooskey Weir recently, when he spotted a good rise. He cast over it and hooked what he thought was a heavy trout. The fish put up a good fight, and while playing it Mr. Bradshaw saw that it was a bream. When landed it was weighed, and found to be 4 lb. Mr. Bradshaw hooked several more, but they broke away in the weeds.

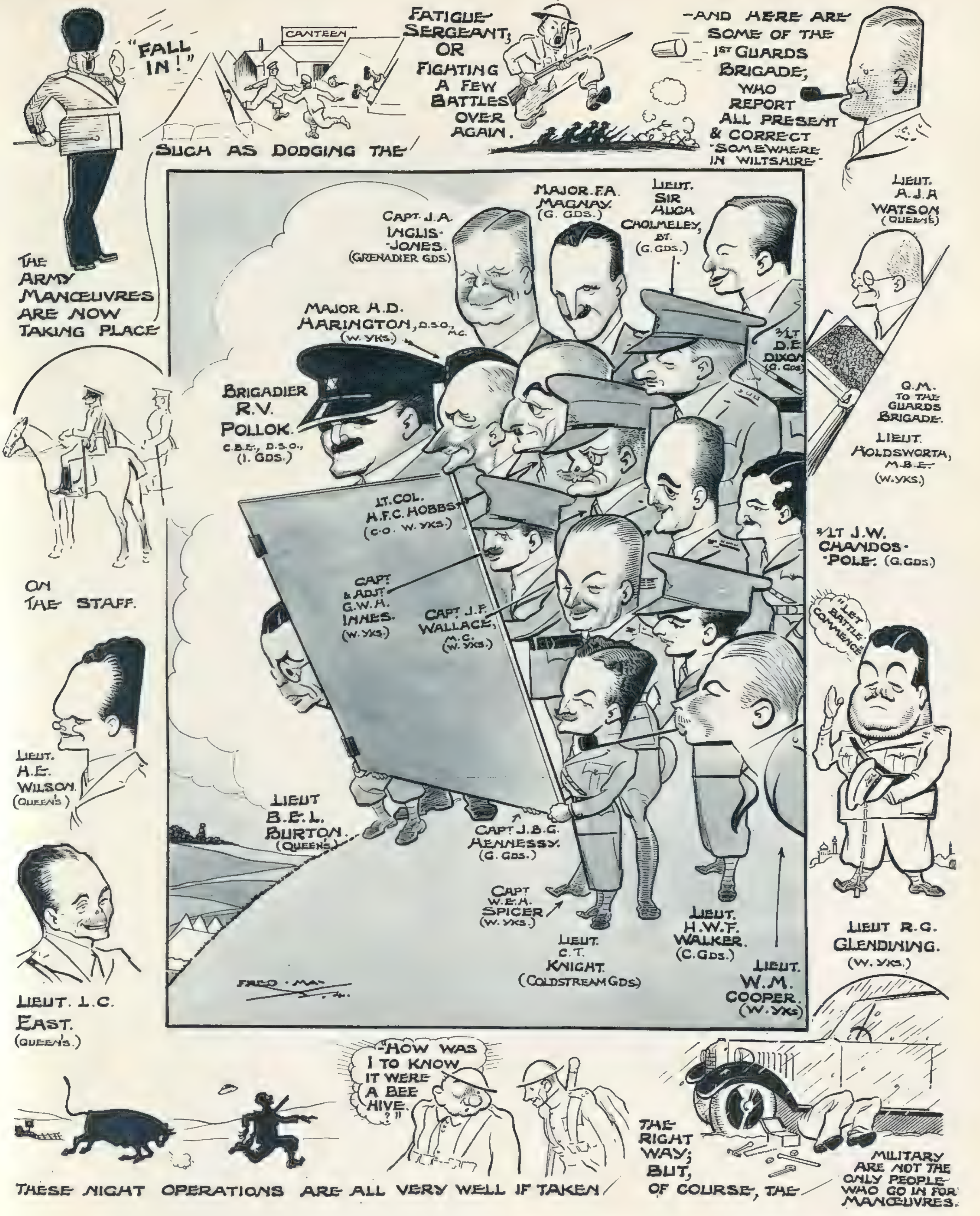
Fun with a Porpoise.

As a substitute for tunny-fishing, two yachtsmen have hit on a plan which provided them with plenty of thrills and cost nothing. According to an account in a local paper, Mr. Lex West and Mr. Philip Brown were in the former's five-ton yacht, *Irish Molly*, off Mersea, when they saw a school of porpoises in a creek. They rowed the dinghy alongside the porpoises, and Mr. West managed to lasso one of them. It was about 9 ft. in length, and as soon as it felt the rope it started off to sea. For about half an hour it towed the dinghy, and when it showed signs of tiring the dinghy was rowed ahead, so that the noose slipped off its head. The most ardent humanitarian could not object to this harmless bit of sport in getting a joy-ride out of a porpoise.

THE THREE DEKKAN MAHSEER shown in the photograph were taken within one hour, two by R. O. C. Thomson and one by his companion, all on silver Devon, following on two hours of fruitless spinning with other lures. They weigh 22 lb., 18 lb., and 17 lb.

Some days ago, at Worthing, I saw a porpoise gambolling within thirty yards of the shore, to the alarm of numerous bathers, many of whom hastened out of the water. It would have been a difficult job to lasso this specimen, as he was up and down like a jack-in-the-box, and it was impossible to tell where he would show next. Thus may *P. communis* improve the shining hour without running the risk of being roped to make a yachtsman's holiday!

R. L. MARSTON.



NIGHT "OPS" WITH THE 1ST GUARDS BRIGADE "SOMEWHERE IN WILTSHIRE."

The 1st Guards Brigade were out on manœuvres last week near Salisbury—and having a hectic time, with night "ops," war-time training, and what-not. They marched from Aldershot; and will remain in Wiltshire until the end of September. The Brigade is commanded by Brigadier R. V. Pollok, and consists of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, the 2nd Battalion The Queen's Royal Regiment, and the 2nd Battalion The West Yorkshire Regiment. All the officers are doing good, hard work, and only hope for fine weather!

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

THE BIARRITZ AND COUNTRY-SIDE SEASON.

VISCOUNT LASCELLES (in the bowler hat) got to the final stage in the musical chairs competition at the Bramham Moor Hunt Gymkhana held at Harrogate, but was just beaten by the boy seen in possession.

VISCOUNT LASCELLES practising killing the dragon for the St. George and Dragon Race which was a feature of the Bramham Moor Hunt Gymkhana held at Harrogate.

The SOUTH and WEST WILTS LADIES' POLO TEAM and the PORTMAN HUNT LADIES' TEAM met on the Duke of Hamilton's Aerodrome Field, Donhead, Salisbury.

(Right) During his recent stay at Biarritz, the PRINCE OF WALES attended the gala farewell ball given at the Casino in aid of the French war-wounded. He can be seen in the centre of the photograph, wearing a dinner jacket and surrounded by the other visitors.

(Left) The Annual Alnwick Flower Show was opened by the DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, who made a speech.

RUSTICATING AT KIRKHOUSE, TRAQUAIR.

1. The HON. URSULA BALFOUR collecting apples at Kirkhouse, Traquair, where her parents, Lord and Lady Kinross, were staying for the summer, and where they entertained a number of friends. Miss Balfour is their youngest daughter.

2. The HON. URSULA BALFOUR and her cousin, MISS HELEN LOW, who is a Scottish "lovely" and lives in the Isle of Mull. She is the daughter of Mrs. James Low.

3. MR. GRAHAM HASTINGS, MR. IAN PITMAN, the HON. URSULA BALFOUR, and MISS HELEN LOW are sitting beside the stream in a contemplative mood. Mr. Ian Pitman comes of a very well-known Scottish rowing family, and is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pitman, and a nephew of Lord Pitman, the Judge.

BIARRITZ ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

PASSING through Paris are many smart faces bound for smart places or collecting smart clothes. Miss Kay Norton belonged to the latter. Lunching at the Ritz in dark blue, she looked nearly as nautical as at Monte Carlo. With her was Mrs. Gilbert Miller, wearing the ideal autumn hat — a felt with concealing brim and disappearing crown. Gilbert got ill bathing. He 's unlucky on holiday, as Kitzbühel in snow-time disagreed violently. We have a theory that a busy man should never take a vacation. It breaks him up.

Outside the Bar Basque in an amusing sports skirt of coarsely woven cream tweed — MLLE. JACQUELINE CITROËN, the charming twenty-year-old daughter of the French car-king. She speaks English perfectly.

MME. VALDÉS, the handsome wife of the First Secretary at the Spanish Embassy in London, outside the Bar Basque during the recent stormy weather, with the young Merry del Vals, son and daughter-in-law of the last Spanish Ambassador in London (under the monarchy), who are wearing twin yellow oilskins.

A close-up of a charming débutante-to-be in 1936—MISS B. SMILEY, who has just joined her mother, Mrs. Denton Carlisle. Miss Smiley is a first cousin of Sir Hugh Smiley.

Also Ritz-ing was Mrs. Glasgow, receiving congratulations for Marjorie at the right table in the passage. Mrs. Cartwright, who, like Lady Bridget Poulett, writes long and amusing letters to many friends when *en voyage* (we never even send a p.c., knowing you are all registered *Sketch* readers), swept off to a fitting. Attractive Mrs. Evelyn FitzGerald was on her way to Biarritz, where she 's staying with the Marquesa di Portago, whose villa party includes her cheerful cousin Miss Nell Eyre, from Shropshire, Lord Sefton, and her sister-in-law, the Marquesa Marino—without argument, the most beautiful woman here. Tall, graceful, quick on the uptake, and the reverse of malicious, her head 's wonderfully set on brown shoulders, her hair gleaming black (as opposed to brilliantine black), and her colouring warm. She 'd probably film badly, having too definite a jaw-line. But when you meet those who film well—the " glamorous stars "—it becomes obvious they 're nearly all ordinary, and sometimes plain.

These disillusioned remarks do not apply to sensitive and gracious Eleanor Boardman, who sits at the Bar Basque before lunch with King Vidor of the piercing gaze (we 're feeling early Ethel M. Dell), d'Abbadie d'Arrast, the Spanish director who made " It Happened in Spain " in Spain, and Beltran-Massés, the Lavery-*cum*-de-László-with-Elwes of Madrid. Claire, handsome sister of the said Elwes, descends from a magnificent motor with the young Peter Koch de Gooreynds (our nicest English couple, though Belgian by name) and Comte Guy de Baillet-Latour. They bathe on the Miramar beach, not at what Claude Leigh fondly calls " The Chamber of Horrors," and take long walks towards St. Jean-de-Luz. We hope they pause at the Laiterie Basque in Guéthary, where the *pièce de résistance* is an elysian *pâté*. We advise letting the young man of the house order your lunch. It will last till four-thirty, but who cares ?

On the sands by the Chambre d'Amour are babies and serious bathers. Sunbathers and those addicted to gossip prefer the *cabañas*. Miss Diana Guest jumped from the sea-wall, spraining her knee and ending her surf-riding career. Lord Clydesdale and his brother Geordie continued to walk about with surf-boards and shy charm. The Eddie Gages sat far away from the common herd, which was sad, because the former Thalia Millett is uncommonly pretty. The Chris Mackintoshes restlessly rushed, qualifying as " the vaguest couple in Europe." Friends have learnt that they always turn up at different places and times from those arranged, and act accordingly. It 's a case of thinking two moves ahead. Michael Gottlieb (rated second to Ely Culbertson) thinks several hands ahead. He improved the bridge standard of Biarritz considerably before the farewell party given for him, Lady (" Little Nell ") Lyons, and Mrs. Lehman. This ended at Bayonne, where their train was pelted with an embryo milk pudding by Everard Gates, who has gone gay. He and his wife, whose beach skirt fastens with shells, were welcome arrivals at the Palais, which now belongs to Henri Lillaz, the rich local *Député*. His wife, attached to two fashionable dachshunds, can be spotted on the terrace with Mrs. Julie Thompson, our best-dressed visitor.

An engaged couple at Monte Carlo beach—MR. TONY GILLSON and his charming American fiancée, MISS PRISCILLA DICKERSON. They will probably be married next winter, in London, where she has many friends.

Most clothes are uninteresting. Too many Hawaiian *parcos* made in Paris, and too much rubber suiting from Palm Beach, fill the pool. At Chiberta the Baroness de Forest, Mrs. Denton Carlisle, and Lady Hélène Berry are among the sensibly clad. Louis, the caddy-master, is as plump, and Jean Gassiat as pawky, as ever. Our favourite caddy, " Marie," gets younger, but no slimmer, with the seasons. An incredibly slender figure is Lady Veronica Hornby, walking with her husband and Mr. Bryce. She moves as well as Gertrude Lawrence—high praise. Her funny little tight curls all over the head remind us of a witty angel—though angels are said to be dull. Eugenie (unfortunately abbreviated to " Ginny ") O'Malley-Keyes

has cut her auburn mop into a Katharine Hepburn fringe—very enterprising. The Empress Eugénie has not changed. In bronze, she gazes at the roaring Atlantic from the wall of the Palais garden, where she used to stay, wearing a Winterhalter bonnet and holding her little son by the hand. King Edward has also been commemorated by a grateful municipality. The Prince of Wales, who evidently inherits an affection for Biarritz, left earlier this year. He was desperately unlucky in the weather, while the English crowd, arriving now, should enjoy uninterrupted sunshine after an August of storms.

As galas go—and most galas don't—the one for *Les Mutilés* was full and really gay. Unfortunately, the Casino windows do not open, so many pined for air during dinner, but recovered *chez Ambrose*, the prettiest of pink and white *boîtes*. Cool, clean, and cheerful, it invites you to eat, drink, and make merry. The Prince gave an almost all-American farewell supper. Exceptions were his Equerry, Major Jack Aird of the willowy figure, who plays golf in a dilapidated linen hat of great distinction; and Colonel Charles Gerard, who has an attractive Canadian wife, a self-made garden in Sussex said to be worth going miles to admire, and a lot of good-looking suits.

MISS G. WAKEFIELD-SAUNDERS, who lives near Sandwich, and was one of 1933's prettiest débutantes. Her father beat the Duke of Marlborough in White's Tournament. Her mother is American, and was Miss Lothrop, of Detroit.

On board the S.Y. "Princess," which Sir Gomer Berry chartered from Lady Knott—MR. L. and LADY HÉLÈNE BERRY. Lady Hélène is Lord Tweeddale's elder daughter. She and her husband are enjoying a yachting family holiday.

Those dancing included Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes, sunny in blue; the Marquesa di Portago and her solitaire diamond; Mr. Reginald Wright (the new Master of the Fernie), who recently gave a mediæval dinner-party with chamber music, tapestry hangings, and boars' heads; Mme. Paul Dubonnet, as always, with her husband; Mrs. Reginald Paget (the fortunate owner of a villa full of French antique furniture, unmistakably authentic); and Miss Jean Combe, who's staying with her. "The Combe" is a reliable character. If she says she'll do a thing, from putting through a telephone call to buying you a yard of ribbon, she does it. Her unusually-set brown eyes are a family characteristic shared with brother Peter, sister Mrs. Frank Curzon, and cousin Lady Castlereagh.

Sitting out for drinks at the Chambre d'Amour are MISS JEAN COMBE and her hostess, MRS. PAGET, whose villa is a Biarritz beauty-spot. Mrs. Paget is American by birth and English by marriage.

Yachts at Bayonne include that of Lord Tweeddale, who, like Lord Newborough and Sir Frank Beauchamp, played golf at Chiberta, where, for the first time in history, the fairways have not been watered except by heaven. The secretary hopes a *contretemps* with the Water Board will be settled by next season. On the contrary, Hossegor is playing to perfection and remains Colonel Gerard's ideal course. Teddy Wagg is equally enthusiastic. He's also enthusiastic about all the bathing beauties—safety in numbers—and about his new nephew, who should become a good golfer, having been born at Gullane. Another yacht belongs to Lord Tweeddale's daughter's father-in-law, Sir Gomer Berry, who's a regular patron of the Casino, where the vast bar looks less like a railway station now that M. Lartigue is showing some of his paintings. Lady Berry, tall and composed, is adored by her numerous step-children, most of whom were with them, because Sir Gomer, like Mr. Hearst, travels patriarchally. Few step-mothers are entirely successful; Lady Oxford's happy example excepted.

Nicknames abound in Biarritz. Everybody knows "Bunker," whose "Wanita" is the youngest of grandmothers. The "Grand Duchess" has left, but "Coco's" still with us. There are two Junes—the handsome youngest O'Malley-Keyes, now Mme. Dufaur, and little Mrs. Ralph Hanké, *née* Child. She's *en bande* with the Sydney Tillotsons and the Sanchez-Cires pair. They all have South American blood or business connections. Beatriz Aguilar, niece of the Bolivian Minister, and Louisa Gorrondona are southern beauties. Tilly Harvey, half-English, half-Spanish, is a pretty in the Miramar Bar. Linares, the Spanish Borotra, and Borotra, the only Borotra, make hearts bounce. "*Député*" is the Marques di Cordoba's nickname. English charmers include Vera Levigne, Pat Chulow-Gray, the Nicholls sisters, Lady Mappin, Lady Mary Lygon, and Georgina Wakefield-Saunders, stately, calm, and Nordic, reminiscent of her namesake, Lady Georgina Curzon. Miss Kilvert, dancing with John Wright, never lacks partners. Ivis Goulding, sister of Eddie ("Grand Hotel") Goulding, and Mrs. Mollison (Joan Clarkson, not Amy) are Londoners.

The Bar Basque's full—Jacqueline Citroën and Prince Charles d'Arenberg scintillating among different French groups—while, opposite, the Café de Paris is packed for dinner. You actually have to wait for a table, which says a lot with the pound subsiding. And so, with a sigh, we realise the stockingless months have flown. So have Messrs. Gerry Portman and Charlie Birkin. See you at the Savoy. . . .

LADY BERRY, wife of Sir Gomer Berry, with Ghislaine Dresselhuys, her little daughter by her first marriage, who bids fair to be a very pretty débutante in years to come. They have a large family party on board the S.Y. "Princess."

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, ULSTER:

A line-up of some "well-knowns" over at the Ulster Tourist Trophy Race over the famous Ards Circuit, near Belfast. Left to right, we have: LADY KATHERINE HOWARD, MR. IVER COLQUHOUN, LADY O'NEILL, the HON. BRIAN O'NEILL, and LADY MARY CREWE-MILNES, daughter of the Marquess of Crewe. Lady O'Neill is the wife of Lord O'Neill; and the Hon. Brian O'Neill is her brother-in-law.

MISS GREEN WILKINSON and MISS ANNE WIGRAM seem to have done good shopping at the Church Bazaar at Crathie, Deeside. The latter is the daughter of Sir Clive Wigram.

(Top) A lucky Dalmatian and his friends, all in chic sun-suits. From left to right, they are: MISS KAY UPTON, MISS MARIE SYMONS-JEUNE, and MISS NANCY GREENWOOD, all tanning at Frinton.

(Right) LADY KEPPEL, wife of Sir Derek Keppel, leaving the Church Bazaar at Crathie, Deeside, with her basketful and her bicycle.

More Northern Ireland lights present at the Ulster Tourist Trophy Race were CAPTAIN and MRS. EDWIN CRAIG, with their pretty daughter, MISS ALICE CRAIG. He is a brother of Lord Craigavon, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland.

ACTIVITIES ON THREE SOCIAL FRONTS.

LADY FITZWILLIAM (centre) enjoying a joke with a customer at LADY MILTON'S stall, where she sold gifts sent by the Princess Royal to the Charity Fête held at Wentworth Woodhouse.

MRS. GRAHAM McKELVIE and MRS. ELTRINGHAM with a keen eye on an event during the London Scottish Gymkhana at Great Missenden.

(Left) COUNT PETER FRANCIS DE SALIS, Coldstream Guards, son of the Count de Salis, the diplomat, and the late Countess de Salis, was photographed with his fiancée, MISS WINIFRED ALICE D'ANYERS WILLIS, shortly after their engagement. Miss Willis is the younger daughter of the Hon. Mrs. D'Anyers Willis, of Fineshade Abbey, Stamford. Count Peter is thirty-two.

LADY ABE BAILEY, MRS. PATON, and MAJOR STAPLETON-BRETHERTON taking notice at the Bicester Agricultural, Horticultural, and Hunt Horse Show.

Another group at the Bicester Show gives us MAJOR LYON with MR. and MRS. P. G. ORMROD, and a Peke. Judging by her smart kit Mrs. Ormrod is competing in one of the events.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS GEM HOAHING, who was born in this country thirteen years ago, won the Middlesex County Junior Lawn Tennis Championship at the Herga Club, Harrow, the other day. She is a fraction over four feet in height; but she is as strong as the average girl of seventeen, with a hefty forehand drive and a well-placed service. She is not playing in the British Junior Championships at Wimbledon, being a year too young. Doubtless, she will be seen at Wimbledon one day. She might even represent Great Britain.

LITTLE MISS GEM HOAHING—FOR SCORING A CHINESE VICTORY AT HARROW.

The COMTESSE DE BOIGNE—FOR SHOWING THIS BATHING-DRESS OF MRS. GRUNDY DAYS IN THE DAYS OF DORA.

THERE were two hundred contestants this year in "Estampa's" Four-Peseta Dress Competition, which says much for its popularity. The 4 pesetas (normally 3s. 2d.; but only 2s. 2½d. at the present rate of exchange) allowed for the cost of each dress had to cover materials and making.

THESE FAIR LADIES OF SPAIN—FOR CREATING THE 2s. 2½d. DRESSES THEY ARE WEARING.

NOT long ago, the pet cat of the Wood Green Open-Air Baths had two kittens. Very soon, one fell into the water. It liked it so much that it persuaded its fellow to do likewise, and now the pair swim daily. Rumour that they will be transferred to the Empire Swimming-Pool at Wembley is not confirmed.

THAT distinguished actor MR. GEORGE ARLISS, famous more especially as Disraeli and in "The House of Rothschild," is at work on his first British film, "The Iron Duke." That he will achieve yet another success seems certain. Meanwhile, it may be noted that the great Duke of Wellington was singularly like Mr. George Arliss in appearance!

The SWIMMING KITTENS OF WOOD GREEN BATHS—FOR FOLLOWING THE FASHION BY BATHING IN THE OPEN.

MR. GEORGE ARLISS (right)—FOR THUS REVEALING THE REMARKABLE LIKENESS OF THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO MR. GEORGE ARLISS.

SIR HENRY WOOD, of the Proms. and other fame, has just proved that he can pull the leg as well as he can wield the baton. In October 1929 there was given, at a Promenade Concert in Queen's Hall, Bach's organ Toccata and Fugue in D minor, transcribed for full orchestra by "Paul Klenovsky, a young man understood to have lived in Moscow." The work was a great success (dare we say, possibly because it was credited to an alien?), and it was played on a number of important occasions: by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, at the Hollywood Bowl, at a B.B.C. Symphony concert, and at further Proms. People were curious; [*Continued below.*

Continued.] and Sir Henry wrote in a programme note: "It is a great pity this young man died. His transcription shows the hand of a master in every bar." Now Sir Henry has confessed that he is Paul Klenovsky, the distinguished foreigner. We wonder if he ever thought that "Klenovsky" might be pronounced "Clean-off-sky"! Possibly not, for he will continue to use the name in connection with all his scoring.

SIR HENRY WOOD (here seen at Hollywood with Lady Wood, Mr. Henry Wilcoxon, and Miss Mary Astor)—FOR RETURNING FROM THE SHADES AS PAUL KLENOVSKY.

AT THE BATH HORSE SHOW.

1. The COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND, with MISS ANNE and MISS JUNE CAPEL, her daughters by her second marriage, and the HON. JULIAN FANE and LORD BURGHERSH, her sons by her third marriage, to the Earl of Westmorland.

2. COUNTESS RABEN and COUNTESS CHARLOTTE RABEN are interested spectators.

3. MIDDLETON, Mrs. Stanley Barratt's hunter, the winner of the Ladies' Hunter Class.

4. MRS. OLIVER GILBEY and MISS MONICA DUNNE are judging the Ladies' Hunter Class.

5. LADY WRIGHT invites her dog to have a drink; but he does not seem to be very keen. She is a famous horsewoman, being especially good at jumping. She married Lord Wright, a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, who is a life Peer, in 1928, and is a daughter of the late Mr. F. J. Bullows, of Sutton Coldfield.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

LADY SEMPILL is talking to the HON. ELIZABETH FORBES-SEMPILL, who is sitting next to her at the Aboyne Games, and to MR. NEIL RAMSAY of DRUMMORE. Beyond are CAPTAIN ALASDAIR McLEAN and CAPTAIN MURPHIE.

ENTERTAINING at Doncaster is at its height for the St. Leger week. Needless to say, Lady Fitzwilliam has a party staying with her at Wentworth Woodhouse, that wonderful residence with its 365 windows. Her youngest daughter, Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, will help her to entertain her guests, and her daughter-in-law, Lady Milton, will be of the party. Lady Fitzwilliam is indeed lucky to have a daughter-in-law with such similar tastes to her own as regards racing. Lady Joan Philipps and her husband will also be there.

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The Princess Royal is staying with Lord Lonsdale, at Edenfield. She always comes out for the parades in the most informal manner. I once saw her cheek-by-jowl with a little stable-boy, who was carrying his dinner in a tea-cloth and was leaning nonchalantly over the rail next to her, as interested in the horse going round as the Princess, whom he certainly could not have recognised.

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Sir Richard Sykes has a young people's party at Sledmere, with one of his married sisters as hostess. He really must have difficulty in sorting out which of his friends he will ask for race week, as he is very popular and knows hosts of people, and, large though his place is, it cannot contain everyone.

MRS. CABAGLIATE, LADY LEVERHULME, MRS. KING WILKINSON, and MRS. H. KINDERSLEY are sitting on the ground watching the Aboyne Games.

MR. CAMERON, MISS CAMPBELL PRESTON, MR. ANDERSON, and MISS McPHERSON-GRANT have grouped themselves together at Aboyne.

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With Doncaster in view, a good many people have been in town for a few days. The Ritz restaurant is a great rendezvous, and there were many interesting people there the other day—"Bunting" Stephenson, one of the popular girls of the young set, hatless and in a brown sports suit, for one. All the women were in informal country clothes, and seemed to be as fresh as the air from the moors from which most of them had come. The Dowager Lady Glanusk was there, in a nice brown get-up, typical of her country tastes. She is a very delightful person, known to all her friends as "Bunty," although she is a grandmother and a dowager.

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Sir Robert Horne looked rather solitary lunching alone in a corner just inside the restaurant, but seemed very interested in those coming in and out.

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The Wilson family, who are at Doncaster in full force, was represented by Mr. Wilson-Filmer and his mother, Mrs. Stanley Wilson, and his fiancée, Miss Lettice Ward. The latter had a beautiful solitaire diamond engagement-ring on her finger, and, like most modern girls, threw off her hat as soon as she seated herself.

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The famous *maître d'hôtel* of the Ritz is just back from his holidays, and everyone had a word with him. I asked him how he had enjoyed himself, and he said he had had "the most wonderful week in my life. I saw the two most marvellous men in the world, the Pope and Mussolini." He did not say which he thought was the greater!

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Miss Gladys Cooper was *très en beauté* on the opening night of "The Shining Hour," at the St. James's, and the exquisitely simple white gown which she wore in the third act, with its long lines, was especially attractive, though it did look rather exotic in comparison with the clothes of the other two women, and we are not surprised that the inhabitants of the village stared whenever Mariella Linden appeared.

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The St. James's Theatre was packed with theatrical celebrities. Miss Isabel Jeans was an early arrival. She wore a white dress, and occupied one of the stage boxes. Miss Marie Tempest, quite amazingly young-looking and animated, was talking to Sir Landon Ronald during one of the intervals. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt wore a patterned dress, and Miss Edna Best had on a short sequined coat; then there were Lady Peel and Miss Constance Collier. Just to mention a few of the ladies!

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The wedding of Miss Juliet Fox to Mr. Alan Hutchinson, M.C., at St. James's, Piccadilly, took place last week. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Fox, of Foxmead, Little Bookham. The young people chose the anniversary of the wedding-day of Miss Fox's parents on which to celebrate their own, and the bride wore the Brussels lace veil which served her mother and grandmother, and two strings of pearls, one her grandmother's, the other one given by Lord Barnby.

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As Miss Fox is the last of *her* branch of the Fox family, so well known in the West of England, the bridegroom has added her name to his own, so they will be known as Mr. and Mrs. Fox-Hutchinson.

MR. and MRS. LATIMER (formerly Miss Vera Patterson) winning their heat in the lighted cigarette and wheel-barrow race at the Percy Hunt Gymkhana, held in the Abbey Grounds, Alnwick, Northumberland.

Mr. Hutchinson (no relation whatever to the publishers) writes; so does his bride. She had some success with short stories, and came in fourth in a short-story competition for which three prizes were given, which was bad luck! They are going to live in the north, as Mr. Hutchinson's mother lives in Durham. He hunts with the Duchess of Northumberland's pack, the Percy, of which the Duchess is a Joint-Master with her son, the Duke, who is still in India big game shooting and travelling.

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When the Princess Royal visits Lord Normanby at Mulgrave Castle next week, his mother, the widow of the third Marquess, will act as hostess. The Princess should find much to entertain her at Mulgrave. She will certainly look with interest at the fine lacquer furniture for which Mulgrave is noted, more particularly since some of it is said to have come from Buckingham Palace. But this was before it was a royal residence.

MISS JESSICA TANDY, the actress wife of JACK HAWKINS, and her BABY DAUGHTER. Miss Tandy is just leaving her nursing home. Her greatest success was in "Children in Uniform."

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The grounds around the Castle are beautifully laid out, and the borders will certainly appeal to the Princess, who has done so much to the gardens of Harewood House since she became its châtelaine, and knows the likes and dislikes of the Yorkshire soil so well.

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Lord Normanby is a very delightful young man, and is the lucky owner of a fine estate and a fine old title, handed down to him by statesmen-ancestors who made names for themselves in all parts of the world. He is good-looking as well, and quite unspoiled, which is somewhat an achievement, since not only has he all these advantages, but is an only son.

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My spy from Venice writes: "The season in Venice is dancing jazzily along. Harry's Bar is a riot. Florian's is scintillating with beauties and celebrities on a star-lit night. When it rains, Harry's and the hotels get most of the scintillating. A very bright spot on a rainy night recently was the dinner given in the Turkish Bar of the Excelsior Taverna beach restaurant. Some fifty guests rowed there for the occasion across the lagoons, and from the upper storeys of the hotel came down into its subterranean quarters.

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"The tables might have been Della Robbia garlands come to life. A rosy geometrical cut of water-melon was the centrepiece of each table. Over it were draped clusters of white grapes, or a peach stuck where it would not roll off, while pears, figs, cucumbers, tomatoes, pink bean pods, zucchini, and egg-plants were scattered around in luscious profusion and a riot of colour.

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"The human decoration was provided by the many lovelies present, who included Princess Alexis Mdivani and Lady Bridget Poulett. The Cunningham-Reids were also of the party, as well as Prince and Princess Faucigny-Lucinge. Most of them went on to Chez-Vous, where there was a very good ballet, graceful and full of colour.

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MRS. RONALD LEON (Kay Hammond, the film actress) manages to look very decorative in bed with her infant son, born a fortnight ago. She is the daughter of Sir Guy and Lady Standing.

"Major Foster arrived in his yacht, the *Sabrina*, in Venice, after a cruise along the Dalmatian coast. His party on board included Lady Bridget Parsons, and the Sacheverell Sitwells.

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"Prince and Princess Alexis Mdivani have left Venice; the Prince for Biarritz and polo; the Princess has flown to Rome for a few days, before joining him at the French resort. The Michael Arlens are still at the Grand Hotel, Venice, in fact, is full of notabilities, and there are daily arrivals to make up for those who have to tear themselves away reluctantly from this most delectable spot. It appeals to those who just like to frivol their time away bathing (though that can be quite a strenuous occupation, what with the preparations to guard against the sun and then swimming and diving), and to those who are more highbrow in their tastes and like to spend some of their time looking at its lovely palaces, churches, and picture galleries."

MARIEGOLD.

The COUNTESS OF DALKEITH with her children, LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT, LADY CAROLINE SCOTT, and LORD ESKDAILL. The Alsatian in the foreground is the property of Prince George, and is called DUSHKA. It was left in the care of Lady Dalkeith when he went to Yugoslavia.

GARBO OF "THE PAINTED VEIL"; WITH HERBERT MARSHALL.

Somerset Maugham's Far-Eastern story, "The Painted Veil" is now being filmed, with the Garbo and Herbert Marshall starring—welcome news, for a new film with Greta Garbo is an eagerly anticipated adventure. Richard Boleslavsky is the director. Garbo's latest picture, "Queen Christina," broke all records. The new film will add to most people's enjoyment by showing her in a modern rôle (as Katherine, who falls in love with Townsend), without the spectacular background which is necessary in historical pictures. In our issue of July 25, in one of his pointed, witty "Personal Portraits of Film Stars," Cecil Beaton says of Garbo that "even if she had not the most beautiful face of our time, you could not forget her; and she would make every other beauty cheap by comparison." Herbert Marshall, as Fane, should make an appealing husband. His last picture was "Rip Tide," with Norma Shearer.

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL"—NOT TOO ELUSIVE FOR LESLIE HOWARD AND MERLE OBERON.

In "The Scarlet Pimpernel," now in course of production by London Film Productions, Leslie Howard takes the part of the elusive Pimpernel, Sir Percy Blakeney; and Merle Oberon is Lady Blakeney. These parts were taken in the original stage production of Baroness d'Orczy's famous novel by Fred Terry and Julia Neilson. "Lady Blakeney" is here shown as she was dressed when she sat to Romney.

FINLAY COLOUR PROCESS.

LADY LAVERY: A SELF-PORTRAIT.

LADY LAVERY, the wife of the distinguished artist, Sir John Lavery, R.A., is herself an artist, as this self-portrait shows. She calls it "The Lilac Muslin" and it was painted in 1934. Lady Lavery, who is one of the most popular and beautiful figures in London society, has been ill for a long time. It was recently announced that she is now convalescent.

FROM THE PICTURE BY LADY LAVERY.

"HEY, GRAN'POP; HE'S IN HOSPITAL NOW!"

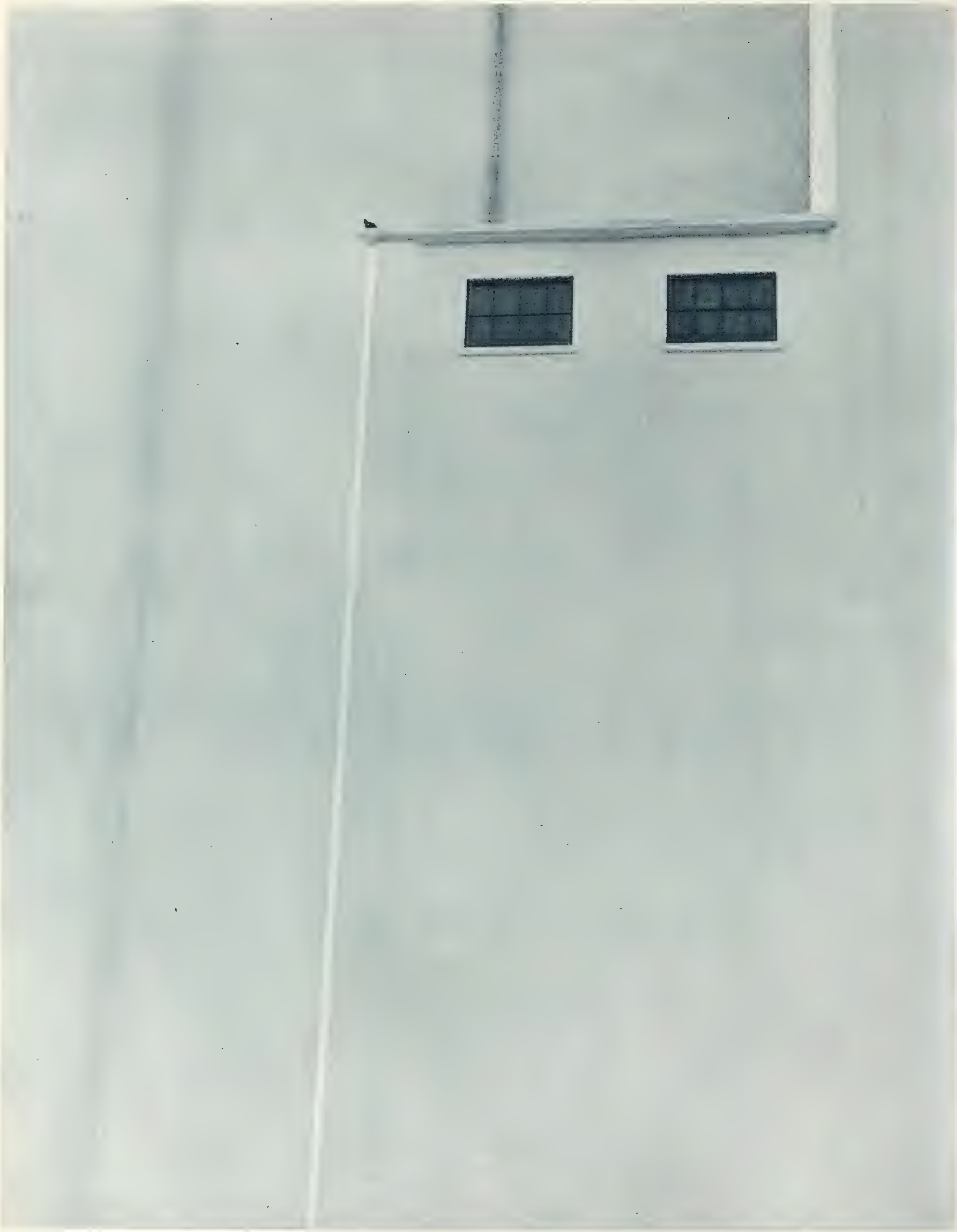
DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, F.Z.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

AT THE LONDON SALON.

"DEATH OF CLEOPATRA."—By H. F. Kells.

A very high degree of personal artistic feeling and execution, with a texture of great value, is achieved in the Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography this year, which is now in being at 5a, Pall Mall East, and will be open until October 6. Great attention has been paid to composition and the value of chiaroscuro, with a most astonishing and pleasing result. We have selected the pictures reproduced on this page and other pages in this issue for their outstanding merit in all these qualities. The works come not only from England, but from all over the world, and thus have an international flavour which forms the basis of competition and review. Indeed, angles from the minds of many races give the Exhibition a special interest.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 5A, PALL MALL EAST. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



AT THE LONDON SALON.

"THE BLACKBIRD."—By J. Vanderpant.
Look carefully for the bird!

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

AT THE LONDON SALON.

"THE MIRROR."—By G. D. Lewis.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWN AT THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

"ORIENTAL." — By Jack Barsby.

AT THE LOND

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE

ON SALON.

"A DAUGHTER OF NIPPON."—By Arthur F. Kales.

LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED).

"MISS SIBERIA" looks handsome in her national costume, as she watches the Carnival at Hastings, where the "Misses" of various nationalities were judged last Saturday for the 1934 title of "Miss Europe." The winner will compete later, in America, for the title of "Miss Universe."

TOUCHING THE BLACK CAT FOR LUCK: Hopeful "Misses" of the contest.

THE MAYOR OF HASTINGS gives a gallant welcome to "MISS FRANCE" on her arrival.

"MISS RUSSIA" goes riding on a roundabout.

COMPETITORS IN NATIONAL COSTUME watch the Carnival.

"MISS RUSSIA" (left) and "MISS ENGLAND" with a pair of twins at the Carnival Baby Show.

HASTINGS GOES BEAUTY-MAD: THE "MISSES"

A line-up of the Beauty "Misses" of fifteen countries. From left to right they are the "MISSES" BELGIUM, FRANCE, DENMARK, ITALY, FINLAND, ENGLAND, POLAND, SPAIN, HOLLAND, RUMANIA, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA, NORWAY, GERMANY, HUNGARY, and RUSSIA.

"MISSES" WATCHING THE CARNIVAL FROM THE WHITE ROCK PAVILION—A FEW OF THEM IN NATIONAL COSTUME.

OF THE SEARCH FOR "MISS EUROPE."

On this page and page 501 Sherriffs registers impressions of "THE SHINING HOUR," at the St. James's Theatre. Here we have CYRIL RAYMOND, as Henry Linden, Mariella's husband, registering roast beef and Yorkshire. He is much upset when Mariella falls for his brother David, and he is the only one who is surprised.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

We were all full of expectations. What would this "NAPOLEON," at the Embassy, be like? The forerunner of a flood of Napoleonic plays? Mr. Alfred Sangster, the author, had so successfully tackled the Brontës; why should he not distil a good biographical play from his rich material? Of course, as Napoleon's whole life was to be covered, the drama would necessarily be scrappy, or, let me call it, more or less drastically episodic. And on this basis it started well. We got a glimpse of the very young Napoleon—a lieutenant then—very amorous, first of a light-o'-love, then of Josephine. In a few not unskilful leaps we beheld his rise from General to Consul: at length Emperor (with a satirical episode of the coronation). It was all very sketchy, but not without interest. But anon the author and the producer, Mr. André Van Gyseghem, went off their track and allowed the play temporarily to deviate into phantasmagoria, fog, and footle. The whole period from Boulogne to Austerlitz was darkly condensed in nebulous tableaux, with Napoleon, almost invisible, holding forth in stentorian voice on a hillock; whilst the wraiths of wounded soldiers, limping along or carried on stretchers, again and again, always the same, groped through the background. (Mr. Gyseghem must have brought this nonsense from Russia.) Fortunately the two last scenes, a graphic picture of the British Cabinet Council after Waterloo, and of Napoleon's life at St. Helena, where Madame de Montholon, exquisitely played by Miss Barbara Couper, was for a time his solace, re-established the normality of the play.

But I fear it is a case of a wonky motor; the carriage-work is all right, but the carburetter has gone wrong. That middle part referred to was an insuperable defect. Besides, the style of the dialogue is either melodramatic or academic; either grandiloquent or *terre à terre*. There is noise but no vibration in the characterisations. They savour of Madame Tussaud's, not of life. To be quite candid, this general effect had something to do with the main part. Mr. Edward Chapman is an excellent actor when well cast. But as Napoleon his personality is quite wrong. I know it is difficult to differentiate the ages in a chronicle-play. But the, may I say? well-nourished figure of the actor in the first part was altogether out of the picture, and later, when Napoleon had grown fatter, Mr. Chapman was more a comfortable, loud-voiced bourgeois than an emperor. The spark of genius was altogether missing. Miss Margaret Rawlings as Josephine was better chosen. There was something of the Creole in her luring, serpent-like ways. She made the best of her opportunities. Some of the minor characters were neatly hit off by Mr. Eric Portman, an incisive Murat; Mr. Vernon Sylvaine, a commanding Barras; Mr. Aubrey Dexter, a portly Joseph; Mr. Frederick Piper, an impressive Talma; and Mr. Earle Grey, a duly officious Hudson Lowe. But the three sisters of Napoleon were as comic as Gilbert's "three little maids from school"!

Mr. Keith Winter, that gifted author whose "Rats of Norway" was far too little appreciated when acted at the Playhouse by Miss Gladys Cooper, and some day deserves the honour of rehabilitation, is what I would call a dramatic experimentalist. His objective in a play is less pyrotechnical dialogue, or even tense dramatic expression, than incisive characterisation. He chooses a *milieu* and probes it deep down, letting events emanate from the contrast of natures. As in his former play, a newcomer is the disturbing influence on the peaceful Yorkshire countryside household in "THE SHINING HOUR," which scored heavily at the St. James's. In the first case it was a man; this time it is a woman—a woman distinguished, aloof, self-centred, almost unfathomable. She is in that well-to-do provincial family, but not of it. She feels, like her brother-in-law, bored and not well mated. Gradually they fall in love, and one day her sister-in-law tells her that she loved her husband, while she was sure that he did not love her. That loosens the rein of freedom for the lovers. Some time, somehow, they will become united. Mr. Winter narrates that beautifully; each character is an entity; each is alive; the only breath of theatricality comes from an elderly spinster sister, tart of tongue yet forthright of heart, showering spiteful little observations about by which we are surfeited.

ADRIANNE ALLEN as Judy Linden, David's wife, registers domestic absorption. She commits suicide when David falls for Mariella.

But our author was not satisfied to let his action go free from melodramatic violence. In the second act the hero's sweet, understanding, self-sacrificing young wife kills herself in a most inopportune barn fire; in the third the hero himself, torn now between his feelings for the dead woman and the living one, has a brain-storm, throws things about, breaks plates, etcetera. These, I must say, were disturbing incidents; the fire might have been eliminated and replaced by less turbulent means; the nervous breakdown would have been more effective if the victim had been less violent. However, these are details. The play is one of great quality, of much thought, although it ends in an ominous query which the author, perhaps wisely, leaves unanswered. The happy ending with a difference seemed to please the audience mightily; but then it was not only the play that fascinated them; they had a bunch of six actors one and all so well chosen, so inured to their parts, that it would be difficult to allot the trophy. Yet I think that Miss Gladys Cooper deserves it. Her talent ripens at every new step. She was that loving, lovable *femme incomprise* who found her man, aided and abetted by his sweet, far-seeing little wife, who afterwards committed suicide to free him—a glorious performance by Miss Adrianne Allen. Mr. Raymond Massey was as finely forceful as is his wont as the hero; Messrs. Cyril Raymond and Derek Williams were excellent as other members of the family; and Miss Marjorie Fielding scored as the sharp-tongued maiden sister of the family.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, Regent's Park. 8.—Season of SHAKESPEARE and other plays, and ballet. "CLIVE OF INDIA" (Savoy). 8.30. **PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "MEN IN WHITE" (Lyric). 8.30.—"ADMIRALS ALL" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.—"LABURNUM GROVE" (Queen's). 8.30.—"LIVING DANGEROUSLY" (Strand). 8.30.—"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—"SIXTEEN" (Criterion). 8.30.—"FAMILY AFFAIRS" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Hippodrome). 8.30.—"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—"SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC" (Saville). 8.30.—"THE SHINING HOUR" (St. James's). 8.40.—"MURDER IN MAYFAIR" (Globe). 8.30.

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

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CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THERE are few things I dislike so much as admitting failure—except to myself—but for once I am forced to do it in public. Here goes! I fail to see the humour of Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey! I recognise, however, that this hard-working team of drolls must satisfy a deeply-felt want in countless film-goers, for their vehicles have steadily gained in productional polish, and "COCK-EYED CAVALIERS" (Plaza) is really quite a handsome affair, tricked out in all the frills and furbelows of the Restoration period—and a few other periods thrown in for luck. As two knights of the road, the be-spectacled Woolsey and the more romantic Wheeler indulge in their usual occupation of getting in and out of scrapes, until they finally land themselves in a ducal mansion as a couple of Court physicians, achieving glory by the capture of a ferocious wild boar after a riotous chase which must have been anything but a laughing matter for the unfortunate animal. A rousing hunting chorus in a tavern, with Noah Beery surprisingly revealing a fine *basso profondo*, struck me as being the picture's best moment. The wise-cracks yield rather a poor crop, but the slapstick fun, the amorous dallyings, and the general foolery appear to be up to the Wheeler and Woolsey standard. The statuesque Thelma Todd, in seconds of respite from being dutifully coy, carries her period costumes well as the Lady Jennyveev (I see by my programme the name is spelt "Genevieve"), and the settings are often picturesque.

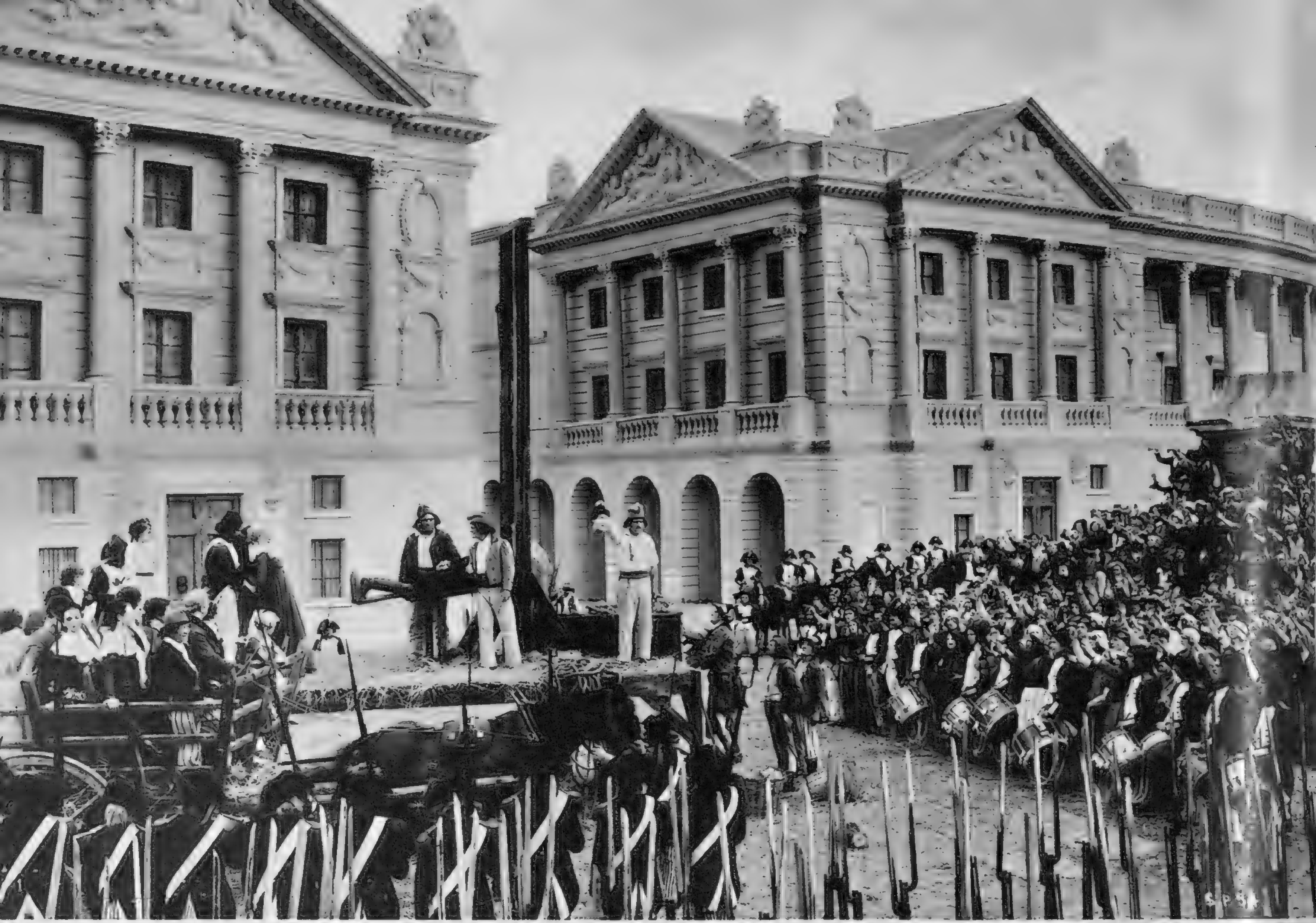
American directors have a happy knack of finding a fund of pleasant humour and entertaining incident in the daily round of ordinary folk. W. S. Van Dyke has done the trick again with his kindly picture of a farmer's family, which forms the major part of "HIDE OUT" (Empire). The household extends its hospitality to a likable young man, found fainting on the threshold with a bullet in his side and a plausible story of a scrap with gangsters. We, having been in at the start, know him for the racketeer and lady-killer he really is; nor are we taken by surprise at his metamorphosis under the influence of the wholesome country life and the farmer's pretty daughter. A simple story that does not boast of any fundamental originality, but acquires fresh and charming qualities from its direction, as well as from its interpretation. Robert Montgomery, cocksure and urbane as ever, uses his comedy methods with excellent effect, both in the hectic prelude of racketeering, philandering, and sudden "get-away," and in his later introduction to the unfamiliar occupations of milking cows or making hay. Maureen O'Sullivan, going daintily about her business in the farmstead and the field, supplies an excellent motive for a change of heart; and between the two of them, with the director's firm hand on the reins, this "crook's reformation" is never allowed to stray into sentimentality. Moreover, the frequent incursions into the story of a small rapscallion of a boy, very naturally portrayed by Mickey Rooney, and the forthrightness of Pa and Ma, as played by Whitford Kane and Elizabeth Patterson, strengthen the sinews of rural romance.

RAYMOND MASSEY, as David Linden in "The Shining Hour," registers agonised intensity. He falls for Mariella; with thunder, lightning, fire, and suicide as a result.

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN" took the screen with a mighty splash when it was launched at the newly-adorned and reconstructed London Pavilion before a packed house. In one respect at least, this successor to "The Private Life of Henry VIII." fulfils our keenest expectations. It fills the eye with scenic splendour—and Georges Perinal's fine photography. Vincent Korda's settings find their inspiration in the hey-day of Spanish art and architecture. His tiled courtyards, fountains, statues, and romantic balconies give way, in pleasant contrast, to soaring flights of marble steps and figures silhouetted *à la Russe.* But these elaborate *décors* are a danger to the dramatic conflict, which emerges only spasmodically, as if afraid to raise its voice in a *milieu* so magnificent. Yet Henri Bataille's theme, on which Frederick Lonsdale and Lajos Biro have based their story, has a cynical wit that should have cut through the stifling layers of ornamentation with the flourish of a rapier. M. Bataille played on the premise that a time arrives in a great man's life when his reputation is far greater than himself. Don Juan, tired of conquest, finds his place usurped by an ardent emulator. The youth is killed and buried under the name of his hero. All feminine Seville turns out in tears for his funeral; the legend of Don Juan is at flood-tide. Here Mr. Korda, in his manipulation of the black-robed throng, is at his best. The mighty lover stages a come-back, only to be defeated by his reputation—the moment for which his astute wife has been waiting. A capital story overwhelmed by an avalanche of sumptuosity. Douglas Fairbanks is not at his best in defeat. Bereft of his usual *joie de vivre*, he passes through the picture, a graceful shadow of himself. But shadowy is a word that I would apply to the drama in general, pierced as it is here and there by the beauty of Merle Oberon, the incisiveness of Athene Seyler, and the bold humour of Binnie Barnes.

GLADYS COOPER as Mariella Linden, Henry's wife, registers controlled emotion. She is torn between love and duty and is half-Dutch and not half emotional. She regards the Yorkshire high tea as a strange meal.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE: "BLOSSOM TIME" (Regal).—"CHU CHIN CHOW" (Tivoli).—"LITTLE FRIEND" (New Gallery).—"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Marble Arch Pavilion). **FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI" (Leicester Square Theatre).—"CES MESSIEURS DE LA SANTÉ" (Academy).—"CLEOPATRA" (Carlton).—"HIDE-OUT" (Empire).—"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN" (London Pavilion). **A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE:** "COCK-EYED CAVALIERS" (Plaza).



1. *Here we have* THE GUILLOTINE AT WORK IN PARIS DURING THE REVOLUTION — A SCENE RECONSTRUCTED AT ELSTREE FOR "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL," *being produced by London Film Productions. With the other illustrations on these pages, and many another instance, it is proof that had Shakespeare known the cinematograph, he might have deemed it politic to revise the famous lines spoken by Chorus before "King Henry V." — "Can this cockpit hold The vasty fields of France? or may we cram Within this wooden O the very casques That did affright the air at Agincourt?" The producer of moving pictures, whatever his difficulties as to historically accurate "casques," would certainly not be troubled by vasty fields.*
2. "LIBERTY MEN" GOING ASHORE FROM THE "IRON DUKE" *at Portsmouth in pre-war days figure in "For Ever England," being produced by Gaumont-British. The Admiralty have been of great assistance to the*

WHERE THE SCREEN SCORES OVER THE STAGE: WIDE, OPEN SPACES INSTEAD OF THE WOODEN O.

3. THE BROBDINGNAGIAN BATH IN "OH, DADDY!", WITH LESLIE HENSON AND FRANCES DAY IN THE SPONGE-RACK, is the feature of this still, which illustrates a moment in a vivid dream experienced by Leslie Henson while under the "affluence of incohol." He thinks that he has been transported to a gigantic bath of champagne in company with Frances Day, the Queen of the night club in which he has been led astray! This is a Gainsborough Picture.

4. THE BALL ON THE EVE OF WATERLOO, WITH GEORGE ARLISS AS THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, is one of the scenes of "The Iron Duke," a new Gaumont-British picture. As we note on our "Hats Off" page, the Duke seems to have been remarkably like Mr. George Arliss! In any case, the famous actor is likely to achieve yet another really outstanding success, adding it to "Disraeli," "The House of Rothschild," and others.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF FILM STARS.

By CECIL BEATON.

No. X: CLARK GABLE.

NOT since the death of Rudolph Valentino have the millions of sex-starved fanatics who pin their romantic dreams to some public figure had such a thrill as when the already sensational Clark Gable suddenly hit Jean Harlow across the face in some moving-picture two years ago. Overnight this bellicose idol drove a million frenzied women mad, and, though his photographs have appeared by the billion on every kiosk, and his pictures have been turned out, with clockwork rapidity, every six weeks, the excitement his name arouses has not simmered down with familiarity; it still only needs his presence, walking down a side path or in a drug store, to create pandemonium and far-reaching unrest.

Clark Gable! The mere name causes a trembling hand to reach for the smelling salts or a burning feather. His name has become a byword of romance for all those who are sexually at a loose end, and how well this over-grown boy, this prime advertisement for shaving cream, for hair pomade, for Stetson hats, for somebody's colours, for somebody else's shirts, for toothpaste, for razor blades, for . . . . . fills the rôle! With a nape of the neck such as he has, with such lobes to his ears (and what ears!), with such eyelashes, no maiden could resist his onslaught. I have never before come across any white man who oozes sex-appeal with such brutal insistence. Do not think for a minute that he is not polite, but you will notice his screen look lingers just a little longer than you are accustomed to; there is something definitely impertinent in his lingering glances. His attack is relentless, his smile gay and disarming, though perhaps more professional than Gary Cooper's; his forehead automatically wrinkles as he bares large, rock-like teeth. His liquid eyes twinkle with merriment and devilry, and stretch like enormous wounds under his thick brows. His head is compact and neat, and his neck as firm as a column. He is extremely hirsute, blue-chinned and chopped, and on his upper lip he wears the tango partner's moustache favoured at the moment by all Hollywood heroes.

He is over life-size, so that the effect in an ordinary drawing-room is overwhelming; when he appears in a tail coat there is a sickly silence and a sudden mad rush of all the women present towards him. He may talk about the political or economic situation, about money, stocks, polo, golf, tennis, swimming, boxing or baseball, but he looks as though one topic only were of interest to him, and, certainly, the ladies have an *idée fixe* about him. All the men in Hollywood go to the same tailor. Anyone who had never seen a movie magazine could recognise a film actor by the cut of his coat and the shape of his tie and waistcoat. Hulloa! who 's this with the same sort of tie that I have seen on Edmund Lowe, Ronald Colman, Robert Montgomery and Cary Grant? Of course, it is Clark Gable, and at his side stands his wife, maternal, refined, gracious and sweet, in a gown cleverly draped to flatter the contours. She treats her husband more as though he were her son, and he is as attentive to her as a schoolboy piloting a relation through the crowds on Speech-day. He is dog-like, faithful and grateful, but, *en route* to the buffet to get some Russian salad for his wife and a whisky and soda for himself, he is waylaid, and Mrs. Gable, though dignified, displays her irritation with a look that says, "Please don't make love to Clark; it is too easy."

Clark's eyes curl up from underneath when he smiles. He has charming manners, and is not at all spoilt or swollen-headed with his success. He is extremely grateful that he now has money and polo ponies, and good-humouredly avoids the disadvantages of being a film celebrity, though he is conscientious as a business man, works perseveringly hard, and says:

"Why, yes, I 'd be very pleased to be photographed; what about 8.30 to-morrow morning, as I have dates for the rest of the day that would be difficult to alter?"

He is equally painstaking with executives as with publicity experts, and a hero to the "Yes" men. There are interminable parties; "How nice of you to say that," and "It gives me great pleasure to hear you say that," and "Do you know my wife? This is Mrs. Gable," and incessant appointments with reporters: "What about a week of personal appearances at so many dollars a week?" "How about signing a testimonial for Chesterfield cigarettes at so much?" And so many new opportunities arise each day that his career needs careful handling; but he is clever about himself and refuses to ruin the market value of the symbol of romance, for which he stands. He says, "I am dull all right, but I am clever enough to know it and I won't let too many other people into the truth," and so he is co-starred in each film and his popularity does not wane; though George Rafts and Jack Larues may appear and give promise of rivalry, they disappear again.

There is an enormous head, ten times over life-size, on the easel outside the cinematograph palace. "Clark Gable with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable with Helen Hayes, Clark Gable with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable with Marion Davies, or Clark Gable with Norma Shearer." Behind the glass window the metallic enquiry reverberates, "1s. 3d. or 2s. 4d.?" The coins clatter on the metal switchback, two lavender tickets pop out of a slot. The eyes soon become accustomed to the St. Vitus flickering of the rainstorm in the drawing-room; the nostrils do not notice the sweet stuffiness, for those features are Clark Gable's and Romance is born.

MR. CLARK GABLE'S attraction and sex-appeal are discussed by Mr. Cecil Beaton on this page. He was born in Ohio in February 1901. He is six feet one inch in height, and has brown hair and grey eyes. He was educated at the grammar schools and high school, Hopedale, Ohio, where he lived for seventeen years. He took a business course at Akron University. His interest in the stage was aroused through playing in the Little Theatre. Then he went out on the road with a repertory company, in which he played Romeo one night and the starkest of villains the next. He then acted for a year in Los Angeles and then in New York; and he became a star overnight—as "Killer" Mears in "The Last Mile."

CLARK GABLE,

WHO " DROVE A MILLION FRENZIED WOMEN MAD."

MR. CLARK GABLE is the subject of Mr. Cecil Beaton's " Personal Portrait " this week, and it is written of him that " overnight this bellicose idol drove a million frenzied women mad, and, though his photographs have appeared by the billion on every kiosk, and his pictures have been turned out, with clockwork rapidity, every six weeks, the excitement his name arouses has not simmered down with familiarity."

NOVA PILBEAM; AND BIG AND LITTLE FRIENDS.

NOVA PILBEAM has sprung into the fierce light which beats upon the screen by her enchanting and unaffected performance in "Little Friend," (in which she stars with Matheson Lang) now showing at the New Gallery. Her father, Mr. Arnold Pilbeam, was the late Sir Nigel Playfair's manager, and Nova has already had a taste of the stage in "Toad of Toad Hall" and other plays. Gaumont-British have given her a contract. It is said that she is to change her name for professional purposes. We shall see.

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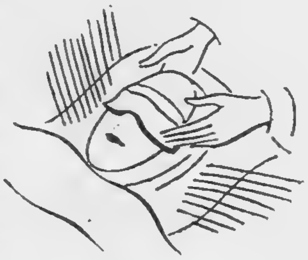

To complete the treatment, deft touches of eye-shadow and cosmetique are applied. The result is amazing! Eyes that have been tired and dull become brighter, richer in colour, lovely enough to inspire a sonnet.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE title of Mr. Peter Fleming's new book suggests misanthropy: one 's company, two 's none. In the last chapter he enumerates the difficulties—some of them familiar enough—with which partners in travel have to contend—

Leave A and B alone in a distant country, and each will evolve a congenial *modus vivendi*. Throw them together, and the comforts of companionship are as likely as not offset by the strain of reconciling their divergent methods.

An Ideal Traveller. This is true—true, that is to say, of the majority of us. But not, one would have thought, particularly true of Mr. Fleming, who, in all his journeys, reveals himself to the reader, at any rate, as the pleasantest, most sympathetic, most forbearing of travelling companions. Fools and bores he suffers gladly, perhaps because he never fails to see their funny side. He is always in a good temper, especially when danger threatens. He is never troubled, as are seventy-five per cent. of his contemporaries, by *accidie* or *tædium vitæ*. It is true that he was relieved when the Trans-Siberian express ran off the rails, and he was able to photograph it, the Bolshevik officials being too busy to notice this infringement of their regulations; but before this happy accident, when the monotony became irksome, he beguiled the time by taking a photograph of himself, and an excellent photograph it is. He is, in fact, a man of resource, and blessed with a faculty of curiosity most valuable in a traveller. His reaction to any experience is not simply to like or dislike it, but to see its point, its essential quality. As his readers may remember, he is in one respect a singularly fortunate traveller; in Brazil, for instance, the sun never affected him, alligators ran away from him, snakes fled his path, even the deadly *piranha* allowed him to walk unmolested through the rivers it infested. And similarly in Russia and Manchukuo, where he was sent as special correspondent to the *Times*, he ran less danger of life and limb than his ardent temperament craved. He accompanied Government troops on a bandit-drive; but (he wistfully observes)—

I would appear to be a kind of Jonah on these occasions, a charm against bandits. . . . No volleys rang out, no agglomeration of boulders suddenly barred our way on a steep gradient; our progress was as uneventful as progress ever can be in China.

Mr. Fleming's travels belie the platitude that adventures are to the adventurous, for no one would have welcomed them more gladly than he. In default of moving accidents by flood and field, he is often compelled to chronicle the small beer of his travels; but he does it with so much spirit that one does not realise he is making bricks without straw.

He is not, however, obliged to confine his descriptive gifts and powers of reflection to unimportant happenings; within a short time he got a grip on the main political problems of Manchukuo, and he presents them with lucidity. Especially interesting is his report on the Chinese Government's efforts to subdue the Communists; he is, apparently, the first Englishman to visit the Communist "front," and he does not minimise the hold the Communists have got over the terrorised peasantry. He has no sympathy with Communism; his point of view is orthodox and conventional. As a political investigator he shows a practical bent; he is more concerned with the "how" than the "why." This is one of his limitations. Much of the charm of his writing consists in his humour and irony (his exceptionally large vocabulary is another asset), but there is no doubt, I think, that he exploits them too freely.

"The Curate's Wife." The humour which Miss E. H. Young brings to her scenes of clerical life in the quiet country town of Radstowe is less obvious and all-pervading than Mr. Fleming's, and perhaps for that reason it wears better. Miss Young's pace is slow, her eye observant, her mind always at work, sifting, refining, qualifying. To go to "The Curate's Wife" after reading an ordinary modern novel is like exchanging a motor-car for a dog-cart. One is conscious of two contradictory sensations: the pleasure of lingering and letting the details of the landscape sink in, and the desire to get on and reach one's destination. I found that the first soon ousted the second, for it is in the detail of her book, rather than in its general conception, that Miss Young excels. Cecil Sproat, the curate, is a worthy young man, interested in his work, in love with his wife. She irritated him, however. She did not take his work seriously, and she was inclined to humour him and make allowances for him. His views on morality and conduct were rigid and puritanical; he could not approve of Dahlia's mother, or her sister Jenny, who had made a natural but not entirely commendable use of their good looks. What he felt to be Dahlia's laxness of outlook jarred on him; and when Jenny, escaping from a rather equivocal position, took refuge with the Sproats, the situation became even more strained. Nobody portrays tension between a loving but irritable couple better than Miss Young.

But the forces of convention are unfairly handicapped by possessing, as their chief representative, Mrs. Doubleday, the Vicar's wife. Miss Young magnanimously allows Mrs. Doubleday one or two redeeming features: affection (a secret, jealous affection) for her son, Reginald, is perhaps the chief. Otherwise she is almost invariably odious, particularly to pretty Dahlia, whom she regarded as her inferior in social station, and whose good looks in themselves were suspect. Conceive, then, Mrs. Doubleday's feelings when her cherished Reginald fell in love, not with Dahlia (as I expected) but, far worse, with Dahlia's sister, Jenny, who had already given (as Mrs. Doubleday thought) undeniable proofs of flightiness.

As the story proceeds, the centre of interest shifts from Dahlia and Cecil to Reginald and Jenny, and certain artificial elements creep into the plot. Jenny is discovered to have influential relations, one of them capable of presenting Cecil with a living. Mrs. Doubleday is confounded by these witnesses to Jenny's respectability. Her rout is complete, too complete perhaps: rather formidable when we first meet her, she ends as a figure of fun.

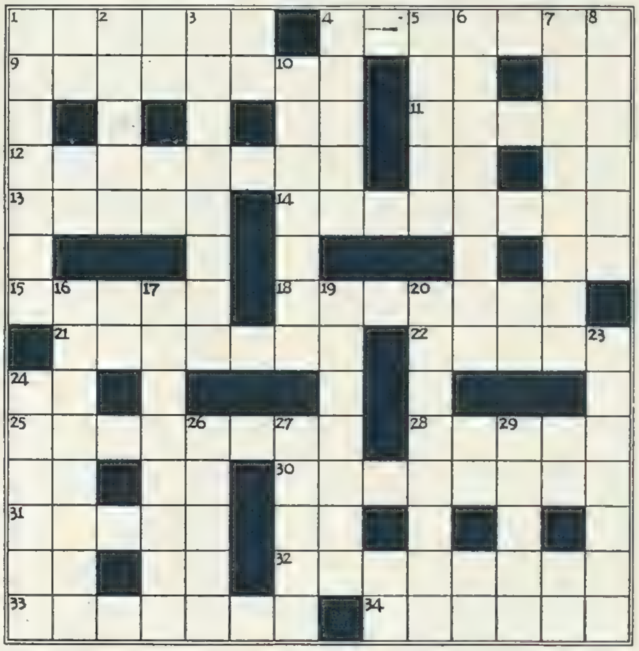
BOOKS REVIEWED.

One 's Company. A Journey to China. By Peter Fleming. (*Cape*; 8s. 6d.)
The Curate's Wife. By E. H. Young. (*Cape*; 7s. 6d.)

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. Very noisy, but it can be made to serve.
4. D——d rough to be put to sleep like that!
9. All the gadgets, but you must see that the boy follows the horses.
11. Only a small place to live in. You needn't take a taxi out.
12. Ending it the wrong way makes this pretty poor.
13. Your distinguished ancestors saw through this all right, though they might need another aperture for talking through their hats!
14. He 's always trying to get something out of you, and you have to give heed to him, of course.
15. The country isn't yet crippled, you see; it might certainly be lamer.
18. The mathematical section comes last, but this is not saying much.
21. He 'd drink, perhaps, to Violet in spring, Rose in summer, and—well, himself in autumn!
22. Old-fashioned schoolmaster who *will* 'ave silence!
25. Its job was to discourage followers. Perhaps that 's why the reward was increased.
28. Boxed. You 'll find a real outsider including the direction.
30. Very exalted traveller. 'E must be the man that puts the stripes in trousers!
31. A bit thick, this. Needs to be adjusted.
32. Blots on the landscape. You might almost say sties!
33. A human one may be like a log, too.
34. Now think for all you are worth, and be thankful if you 're not liable for more!



DOWN.

1. This freshens one up—or down.
2. Saved from consumption by a spider. Evidently too much for the dog!
3. Wise-cracks to keep the stock in.
4. Responsible for many grave undertakings, but it shouldn't be hated.
5. Before an article, is dirty; at any rate, it has a kindred meaning.
6. Happy homes at Whipsnade! Cheers!
7. A tipper of scales, though it 's empty inside, *voilà*!
8. Late owners of unexamined horses. No takers.
10. The whole of this should be kept above water, but only a part need be above beer! The beginning is sure enough, anyway!
16. Not very substantial, so mind you come to the real conclusion!
17. What 's the game? You can't say the middle is "down."
19. Keeps ground dry and makes air tidy.
20. Cut a loss another way to show decided superiority.
23. Put right. You 'll have to take your clothes off to do it!
24. Winds which provide people with something to do.
26. You 'll need assistance before you finish, young 'un.
27. Goes fast, but you should see it in full career (not quite full, though)!
29. You should get this from 33 across. It 's of Norse origin.

NOTE.—*Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.*

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, Sept. 17, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published on page 520) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

In shaded rose Bagheera, with feather-edged cape. From the Model Gown Salon.

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. . . by Debenhams

from the Knitwear Brochure published to-day. Copy on request.

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. . .

Jersey fabric Suit (left illustration) cut on lines suitable for nearly all figures; an attractive feature is the stitching which is also introduced on the pockets and belt. In four sizes. In navy, nigger, dusky green, russet, black and blue - - 7½ gns.

The new jersey towelling

. . .

The new jersey towelling is used in this Sports Suit (right illustration), copy of a Lelong model, the stitching and clever tailoring are distinctive features. In black, rust, nigger, navy and bottle. Sizes 36, 38 and 40 - 6½ gns.
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(Debenhams Ltd.)

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

Edited by

Olive Caley-Smith

With a slit skirt and a sweeping train, this exquisite dress in gold and silver lamé shows the newest streamline silhouette. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove. The charming coiffure was created by Martin.

A luxurious mink-dyed sable squirrel collar, the skins beautifully worked, gives breadth to the top of this coat—a line which is emphasised by the bell sleeve over a slender tucked under-sleeve. It comes from Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, and is made in a soft black woollen fabric with a velvety bloom.

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

Violet-blue—the most popular shade in the Paris Collections—is used for the knitted suit on the left. Red buttons form an effective contrast, and this shade is repeated in the diagonally striped rayon waistcoat. It is admirably shaped, is made in several colours, and costs only seven-and-a-half guineas at Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, W.

The knitted dress is even less, for the price is but 98s. 6d. In navy, black, or nigger with white spots, it has a white piqué front edged with a kilted frill, and it can be worn open or closed at the neck. The skirt has an inverted pleat at each side.

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

COATS CONCENTRATE ON SLEEVES AND COLLARS, AND KNITTED CLOTHES HAVE A TAILORED AIR.

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

NEW cars for 1935 are sprung on us now almost daily. Manufacturers vie with each other to present their new models in an original manner. For instance, at the Triumph show they had imported the Alps into the factory, and staged the winning team of the Alpine Trial on a real 1 in 4 gradient, amidst snow-capped peaks! The Morris programme was introduced at a gigantic luncheon, to which fourteen hundred people were invited, at Grosvenor House. Quite a number of those present, evidently out to "make a night of it," were again Lord Nuffield's guests the same evening, when the models were again shown, and body-lines of a different kind featured in an excellent after-dinner cabaret.

Amazing performance, attractive lines and economical upkeep are the three chief attributes of the 1935 8-h.p. MORRIS.

The outstanding model of the 1935 Morris range is, to my mind, the new "Eight." Lest confusion should arise in the minds of my readers, I would hasten to add that this is an 8-h.p. car, and not an eight-cylinder model. It is far and away the nicest-looking "baby" car I have yet seen. It has extraordinarily good lines, coupled with an excellent finish for so small a car. It is, I think, roomier than any car of its size, and is able to sell at modest prices ranging from £118 for the two-seater, to £142 10s. for the four-door saloon with sliding head. It costs the barest minimum to keep up, for the actual tax from Jan. 1 onwards will only be £6, and insurance will be correspondingly low. Nor is this new "Eight" under-powered, for its engine capacity has been increased from 847 c.c. to 918 c.c. The track and wheelbase are respectively 3 ft. 9 in. and 7 ft. 6 in.—a ratio which should give marked steadiness on the road. An unusual feature of so small a car is that a full-sized dynamo, such as is fitted to larger cars, is installed. It is claimed that speeds up to 60 m.p.h. are attainable "four up," and that at normal touring speeds one can do more than 45 miles to the gallon.

Then there are the "Ten-Fours," "Ten-Sixes," "Twelve-Four," and the "Fifteen-Six." Personally, I was very intrigued with the "Oxford," which can be had with a 16-h.p. or 20-h.p. engine for the same price. The latter power-unit has a capacity of over 2½ litres, and will be taxed at only £15 a year from Jan. 1 next. This model has a Bendix automatic control for the single-plate clutch, and an improved type of synchromesh easy-change gear-box. What is more, it has a free-wheel which can be locked at will from the dashboard. Practically speaking, the clutch pedal is an unnecessary fitting, as the clutch operates itself when starting away from rest, and it is possible to change gear at any speed and without a sound without touching the clutch pedal at all. You can't even over-choke the engine starting in the morning, as the air-strangler is automatically controlled to just the right extent, according to the temperature of the engine and the surrounding atmosphere. This 20-h.p. car will cruise at a comfortable 60 m.p.h. all day, and at ordinary speeds will do a good 20 miles to the gallon. You get all this—prepare for a shock—for £285!

Finally, there are the 18-h.p. "Isis," with its overhead camshaft engine, and the "Twenty-Five," which has a hefty six-cylinder side-valve engine of 3½ litres capacity. Next year, of course, the latter will be taxed at only £18 15s. per annum. This very impressive car, with its lavish equipment, sells at £395.

A conservative policy is followed by Armstrong-Siddeley Motors, Ltd., nothing startling or new having been produced for 1935. Most models, however, show detail improvements which will be appreciated by the owner-driver, and the prices for some of the models have been substantially reduced. The sports coupé, which was introduced at the last Olympia Show, has proved so successful that it is now being produced with a larger body, giving more accommodation for the rear passengers, and it incorporates a more comfortable one-piece front seat with arm-rests. The family type 12-h.p. saloon, the power of which has been increased and the comfort still further improved, is available in new colour schemes, and the standard equipment will include a spare-wheel cover, sun-vizors, and direction-indicators. Furthermore, there is a new type of family tourer designed on modern lines for those who require a full four-seater open car. This will sell at £295 with special equipment, which includes D.W.S. permanent jacks. The new price of the sports coupé with special equipment, and of the sports tourer on the same chassis, is £275.

The 15-h.p. model coachbuilt saloon is a medium-powered full-sized family saloon of highest grade, and now sells at £435 complete with sun-vizor, spare-wheel cover, and direction-indicators. The 20-h.p. car has been modified in various ways, and the result gives sweeter running and generally a better performance. The coachwork has been improved a good deal in detail, and, as the result of careful study, the degree of comfort provided for both drivers and passengers has been considerably increased. Finally, there is the "Siddeley Special," a fine big car, capable of over 90 m.p.h., and wonderfully sprung. This varies in price from £950 for the open tourer, with Van den Plas body, to £1360 for the enclosed limousine or landaulette, which is as big a closed car as anybody could wish for.

The six-cylinder HUMBER cars just announced for 1935 carry on the tradition for which this make has long been famed. Here is one of the latest SNIPE SPORTS SALOONS, which combine good looks with good road performance. In the background is Kenilworth Castle.

To-morrow, Sept. 13, until Saturday, a very fine display of Humber and Hillman cars, as well as a range of Commer commercial vehicles, will be given at Devonshire House, Piccadilly. This display will be open from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. each day (6 p.m. on Saturday). All the new models will be on view, and this display will afford a unique opportunity of seeing the many detail improvements and refinements which have been incorporated in the new models.

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

SOON after writing these notes I shall be on my way to King's Cross, the first stage in a pilgrimage that only grows more passionate with each succeeding year. The smoky-tunnelled pull-out of London will be succeeded by the lulling rhythm of the Night Scotsman and the pleasant dreams that have become a ritual of these journeys. Morning will bring the Border at Berwick, Waverley, the Forth Bridge. Then come Leuchars and the fussy toy train that winds along the Eden and pants up to the little station "set on a hill" and the city of my delight. Later in the day, and for some weeks, I shall be watching old friends in the throes of the Royal and Ancient competitions, and "whiles" shall be partaking myself in a foursome of old standing, whose *leit-motif*, first and last, is the rigour of the game. O joyous prospect!

To Spoon or Not to Spoon.

Meanwhile a friend has addressed me thus—and, loathing letter-writing, *The Sketch* shall be my medium of reply. He says: "I have just taken up golf again now that I am home for good, and have invested in a steel-shafted driver, brassy, and spoon. I have used them long enough to find that the driver and brassy suit me to a tee, but the spoon, although matched to the other two and a beauty, likes me not. Now, you remember in the old days I was pretty useful with a spoon, so you will understand I hate the idea of discarding what was my chief stand-by in times of perplexity. What am I to do? Give up the spoon and fall back on my cleek—I tried steel-shafted irons, but did not cotton on to them, and have returned to my ancient hickory-shafted collection — or persevere with the spoon and its steel shaft?"

MISS AUDREY REGNART, of England, won the Danish Women's Amateur Golf Championship at Copenhagen.

The True Spoon.

Without seeing and handling the spoon in question, my friend's enquiry is something of a poser. Certainly, remembering what almost uncanny use he made of the old yellow-headed club with a stiff but bent shaft that he once carried, I cry NO! And perhaps in the very make and form of that tried weapon the answer lies. The real spoon, as great men have told me, and as I have proved to my own satisfaction, is "an iron club with a wooden head"; in other words, a wooden-headed club with the type of shaft one likes to see in an iron; and, as a further explanation, a wooden club with a stiffer shaft than the driver or the brassy. And the reason is not far to seek. The spoon, to fulfil its *métier*, must be a weapon of precision rather than of distance. Now, with a driver there should be just sufficient spring to give extra distance with extra effort; with the brassy, though the shaft should be a shade stiffer than that of the driver, there should still be enough spring when extra effort is used—as, for instance, from a close or cupped lie—to give maximum distance. This, at least, is the teaching I have followed and found to be correct.

Two Alternatives.

Now, perhaps my friend's steel-shafted spoon may have a shaft similar to that of his driver and brassy; indeed, I rather gather that this must be the case, since he goes on to say: "My trouble is not that I can't hit a good shot with it, but that when I do get a good one away from a bad lie, the ball often goes as far as a full drive, and generally from heavy lies I don't seem to be able to 'nip' the ball away as I used with old 'Martha.'" Therefore, there seem two alternatives open to him. If his present spoon has, as I suspect, a steel shaft similar in spring to that of his driver and brassy, he can have it refitted with a stiffer one, for steel shafts are now graded in spring or torsion. He may then find that all is well, and certainly will find that his first complaint of at times getting a driver instead of a spoon distance no longer obtains. But there still remains his second plaint—that he finds difficulty in "nipping" the ball out of heavy lies, the cause of his discarding steel-shafted irons. And this introduces the second alternative, which is to set about procuring "Martha II." Herein, and not the cleek, I fancy, lies his salvation. And what fun he will have in the finding of a second and, let us hope, as faithful a sweetheart! She is still to be had for the hunting; of that I am sure, and St. Andrews and Kinghorn are the coverts I should draw first.

MR. BERNARD DARWIN, CAPTAIN-ELECT OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT CLUB, was one of the 107 entrants for the Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews. He is seen on the right; with his first-round opponent, MR. H. N. PRICE, whom he beat by one hole.

The Homburg Golf Club.

I have just received from Colonel A. G. Martin, the Honorary Treasurer and Secretary of the Homburg Golf Club, a list of members as it was in 1913. Colonel Martin writes: "The memorable landmarks of the club, General Duff, Sir John Brunner, and Admiral Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge, to name only three of many, are gone, but I am most anxious for the survivors of our two thousand-odd pre-war British members to know that their club still carries on, and that its traditional Cups are being played for again, and that their (the old members') privileges still hold good." Looking through the list is like opening *Who's Who*, as the following short extract will show: Sir Charles Assheton-Smith, Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, the Duke of Buccleuch, Lady Cork and Orrery, Colonel Sir Arthur Davidson, Sir Thomas Dewar, Lord Estcourt, Lord Glasgow, Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Sir Rufus Isaacs, Sir Frank Lascelles, lots of Layland-Barratts, Lord Linlithgow, Lord Loreburn, Lord Cecil Manners, General Sir Arthur Paget, Lord Stratheden and Campbell, the Hon. Percy Thellusson, and Lord and Lady Yarborough.

A North Berwick Foursome: (l. to r.) LADY URSULA MANNERS and LADY ISABEL MANNERS, daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland; MISS RUTH PRIMROSE, niece of Lord Rosebery and grand-daughter of Lord Derby; and MISS LULU ESMOND.

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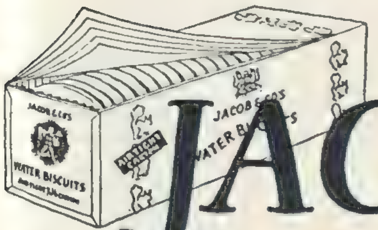

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"RANG me up and asked me point-blank. I told him it was an insult, if not a criminal libel: the very idea of such a thing!"

"Then who does it?" demanded The Merchant. "I always took it for granted that you were—"

"Me? Me write that stuff in the paper? I couldn't do it to save my life."

"Neither could I," declared The Engineer, "and, what's more, I wouldn't want to if I could. To go and write out, in cold blood, what we've been talking about behind our backs is, to my mind, well——" and he gulped down, with an obvious effort, his choleric incoherence.

Then they all looked at The City Editor. He shook his head with such transparent sincerity that he was acquitted on the spot, without a sketch upon his character.

Fred May deals this week with GOLD NUGGETS, men who play an important part in the Gold Market. SIR MAURICE JENKS, BT., is a Director and sits on the London Committee of the Marievale Nigel Gold Mines and Estate.

"The funny thing is," continued The Broker, "that several people have asked me just lately about it. Why this sudden accession of interest, I should like to know?"

"Looks to me as if the circulation of the paper were going up."

"Or down. It might be either"; The City Editor spoke with sinister suspicion. "But I've noticed myself that we do seem to have attracted an unusual amount of attention lately."

"That's only because Stock Exchange markets have been goodish, and people want to know what's going on in the House."

"They get that in their newspapers," said The City Editor, as if affronted.

"Oh, do they?" retorted The Jobber; "you're sure of that? My paper—" he opened it out—"says: 'War Loan was supported and rose threepence three-farthings. Courtaulds were dull on renewed fear of Japanese competition. Gold shares were better save in such cases as those where falls were recorded or prices underwent no change.'"

Even The City Editor smiled.

"You leave out the tips," The Engineer protested.

"We come to those next. Quite a number of them are based upon the ordinary market slip."

"But market slips very seldom recommend purchase of the shares."

"I know that, of course. They supply the information, though, and the newspaper does the rest."

"Yes; but, hang it! nobody would write up a thing unless he thought it had a decent chance of its justifying a recommendation."

"Have it your own way. I don't mind a bit. What I say is, Walk warily in gold shares."

"That's a new slogan for you," observed The Engineer. "Our optimist turned pessimist, perchance?"

"Liver, more likely."

"He's right, you know," affirmed The Broker. "We have been overdoing this gold business, and one day there will be an awful crack."

"*Après moi le déluge*," said The Jobber with complete composure. "So long as the Cape keeps on taking the shares, so long will the market be a good one."

"You don't place much faith in your own countrymen."

"They are a bit too timid——"

"The people with the big-priced shares are not going to sell."

"Oh, no; they won't, of course. They think too much of their dividends for them to clear out. I had in my mind the people who have bought certain newer issues, and the gambling counters. I can see a spot of danger there."

"You can see spots of danger everywhere, if you are out to look for them. Even in the industrial market."

SIR ABE BAILEY, BT., K.C.M.G., is Chairman of the Sherwood Starr Gold Mining Company, and a Director of the Cam and Motor Gold Mining Company.

"'Even' in that market, you say? Seems to me there are plenty of red lights there."

"I'm not sure I agree with you," The Engineer said, rather hesitantly. "Preference shares have risen to such enormous prices that I think you'll see capital going more and more into the ordinary shares."

"You're not casting doubts upon the security of the preferences?"

"Not at all. Quite the reverse. The safer they are, the higher the prices go. And in that, to my mind, lies a danger."

"Can't quite follow you."

"I can," said The Broker. "Preference shares stand so high now that the scope for capital depreciation is very considerable on any stiffening of money rates."

"If that's what he means——"

"I do," The Engineer acquiesced.

"—then why not let the man say it for himself? I hate having words taken out of my own mouth."

MR. J. B. JOEL is a Director of the Witwatersrand Gold Mining Company (commonly called "Knights").

"Better get your plate seen to," The Broker advised. "But, returning to other industrial features——"

"Haw!" said The Jobber.

"—a client of mine met me on the way to the station this morning and told me to divide six hundred pounds between Stores and laundries."

"Without telling you which he wanted?"

"Said he knew nothing about either, and left the selection to me."

"That's the sort of client you like," The Merchant assumed.

"I would very much rather he had chosen for himself. It's a responsibility, you know."

"Lots of brokers get it nowadays, I've heard," The Jobber remarked.

"What are you going to buy him?"

"My idea is to mix it up a bit. Barkers, Harrods, Gamage——"

"You might put in Swears and Wells. I suppose the terms of references wouldn't include United Dairies or International Tea, or Cow and Gate? They're all good to have."

"High," commented The City Editor.

"Everything is high that's worth having. But I'm going to buy ordinary shares, as likely to prove relatively cheaper than preference. In the long run."

"Maybe you're right. How about the washing shares?"

"Advance Laundries——"

"And Advance Australia."

"How can you be such a fool?" exclaimed The Broker impatiently.

"Funny you should have said that, because this is my dear old Mother's birthday, and I've heard the same question from her lots of times. But Australians will advance, you know, after the Commonwealth Elections on September the Fifteenth."

"How about the laundry shares——"

"Advance Laundries and National United, I shall buy my man," replied The Broker. "When the public grow tired of mines, they will come back to Industrials. I'm sure of that."

"The public don't seem to be particularly indifferent to Industrials, considering the prices that most of the shares stand at," The City Editor pointed out.

"Well, but your things don't move much, anyway."

"My things?"

"Newspaper shares, of course. They went up a little some time back, but they've been precious sticky since then. What's the snag?"

"There isn't one," The City Editor promptly answered. "Home trade continues to improve. There's money about. *Ergo*, advertisers find it pays them to bring their goods to the notice of the people who have the money to spend. So the papers are doing better."

"I see," nodded The Engineer. "Vicious circle again, eh? Didn't Longfellow say that life was just one dam' thing after another? Good morning—— What's that?"

The Jobber had hooked his arm with an umbrella. "Longfellow's no excuse for you to walk off with my new gamp," said he. "This one's yours. Very old friend it looks, too."

The Broker seemed amused. "Ay," he repeated, "one dam' thing after another. They can't put that in the *Sketch*, whoever writes it." *Friday, Sept. 7, 1934.*

VICE-ADMIRAL GORDON CAMPBELL, V.C., D.S.O., is on the London Board of the Clunes Goldfields (1931).

"M.S.S"

said the old maid—

meaning

"Millions Stay Single"

"BP" *said the Motorist, meaning, naturally, that he wanted the* **Best Possible** *petrol. "Ethyl Fluid," he added, "for anti-knock"—and so he got*

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(See page 508.) 12/9/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLXX.

THIS VULNERABLE BUSINESS.

FRIEND "Yarborough" has been kind enough to reply to my enquiry why (as he tells us in the *Sunday Times*) one diamond should be bid if vulnerable, but one no-trump if not vulnerable, on the following—

Spades—A, Q, x.
Hearts—K, 10, x, x.
Clubs—Q, x.
Diamonds—K, Q, 9, x.

"The answer is simple," he says. "Experience has shown that the bid of one no-trump when vulnerable is best reserved for balanced hands which are just short of two no-trump bid. The point count of this hand is sixteen, and actually justifies a bid of one no-trump vulnerable, provided there is adequate stopping power in the suits. It will be seen that the hand is weak in intermediates and very weak in stopping power generally. The hand might come to grief dreadfully in no-trumps with a poor dummy. When vulnerable, one should be cautious. The opening bid of one diamond is then best. When not vulnerable a bid of one no-trump can be made and gives a picture of the distribution."

For which answer many thanks; but, my dear Colonel, I find it too "simple." It leaves us where we were before—up in the air! It would seem that, *because* you are a game to the good, the entire distribution of cards automatically varies; but, that being so, why with a poor dummy should not one diamond "come to grief dreadfully" just as much as one no-trump? True, in no-trump play the enemy may run off sundry club tricks, but if, perchance, all the adverse diamonds are bunched against declarer, the result will be equally troublesome diamonds. In other words, it seems to me that if you are looking for trouble, and if the answer to my question is as simple as "Yarborough" makes out, you are as likely to meet it in one declaration as in the other. That being so, the answer to the question is that this hand should pass, and pass only because there must be something funny in the distribution because you are vulnerable; and this, I think, is the argument put up universally about this vulnerable business—and, of course, it is absurd.

But my question went further than this, and I am not ignorant of the fact that the penalty for loss vulnerable is out of all proportion to the penalty when not vulnerable. What I wanted to know was what does partner do after a one-diamond bid vulnerable and one no-trump not vulnerable? Is he also to get "the wind up" because he is vulnerable, or is he to put in a bid and hope? Won't his response to one no-trump be on all fours with his response to one diamond, and will the result be more dreadful in either case? Consider this actual hand—suppose partner has a "dud." Nine times out of ten, *one* no-trump play will come off better than *one* diamond—what will happen in higher bids is another matter; but, granted the premise that one no-trump is more likely to mature than one diamond (a card proposition that nobody can deny), then no-trump is a better opening bid than one diamond. In other words, if an opening bid is sound, it must be sound always—it cannot vary with the game score. So, my dear Colonel, please add to your answer which is "simple"—tell us more of what may happen to the vulnerable opener. My opinion is that on the hand the bid should *always* be one diamond, thus giving partner a simple take out into one heart, spade, or no-trump, when I don't think this vulnerable business would have much effect. Is not that the correct answer?

HOW EXPERTS PLAY.

Here is a hand, shockingly bid, no doubt, but beautifully played—that is where the expert scores—

Spades—4, 3.
Hearts—4, 3, 2.
Clubs—3, 2.
Diamonds—Q, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4.

B

Y ________________ Z

A

Spades—A, 5, 2.
Hearts—A, 5.
Clubs—A, 6, 5, 4.
Diamonds—A, K, 10, 9.

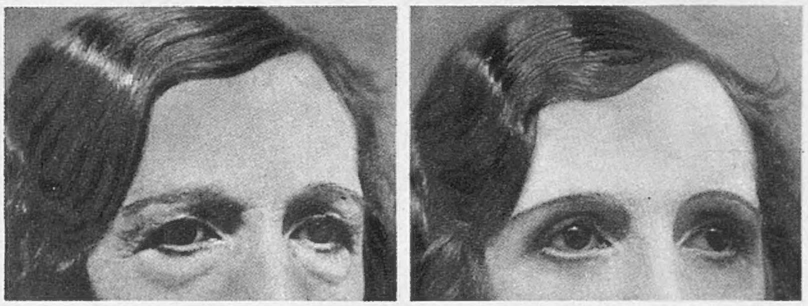
AB, vulnerable. Y dealt and bid one heart. B, no bid. Z, no bid. A, one no-trump. Y, two hearts. B, three diamonds. Z, no bid. A, three no-trumps. End. Y led the king of hearts. Z played the six, and A took with the ace and led the ace of diamonds. Y played the two, B the four, and Z played the seven of spades. How should A play now, and what are his chances of winning game?

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, SEPT. 5.

Across.—1. Shrill-Tongued. 10. Nothing. 11. Languor. 12. Main. 13. Bough. 14. Adze. 17. Dresden. 18. Scherzo. 19. Exhaust. 20. Hirsute. 24. Sark. 25. Afoot. 26. Inca. 29. Obtrude. 30. Liberal. 31. Scandalmonger.

Down.—2. Hittite. 3. Isis. 4. Leghorn. 5. Obliges. 6. Gong. 7. Ecuador. 8. Animadversion. 9. Irrecoverable. 15. Odour. 16. Charm. 20. Heretic. 21. Taffeta. 22. Hoodlum. 23. Unnerve. 27. Turn. 28. Ebon.

MR. N. J. SMITH, Upper Rellaton Farm, Rellaton, nr. Kingsbridge, S. Devon, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of Aug. 29 to be first opened on Monday morning, Sept. 3. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to him.



Correction of Bagginess above and under eyes. Before and after. Absolutely unretouched photographs published with the client's permission.

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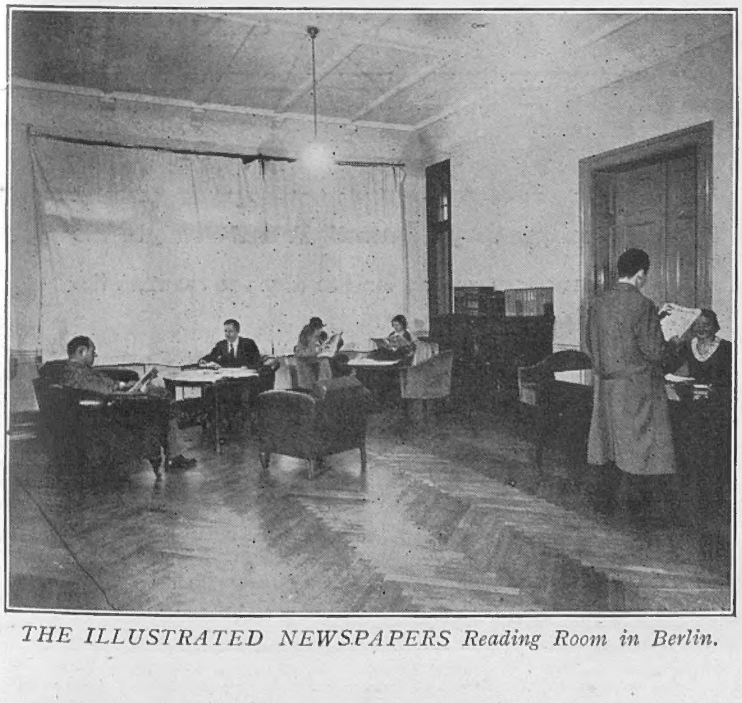

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